The Beaver

WINTER 1978

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The Beaver

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COVER: 'Icicles in Mountain Stream', Banff National Park, Alberta.
Photograph by Robert R. Taylor, Winnipeg.

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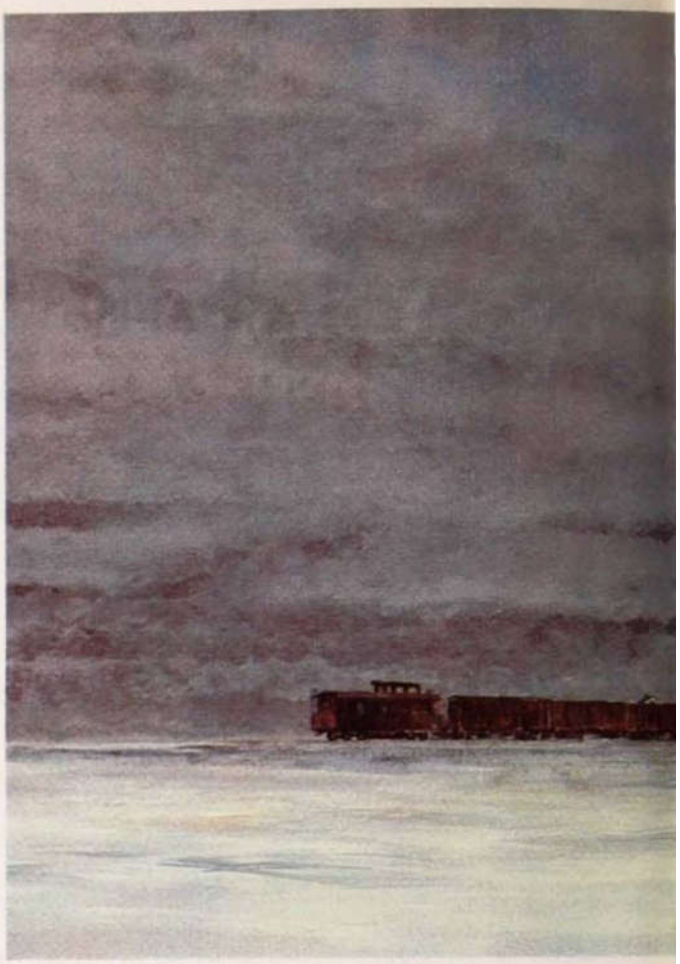


Paintings by R. G. Pollock

Artist Pollock of Winnipeg maintains an attachment to the prairie landscape. He works in acrylics.

Text by D. W. Moodie

Professor Moodie of the geography department, University of Manitoba, is, this year, visiting professor at the University of Toronto.

On the Ammeter farm, near Headingley, Manitoba.

Collection of Mr & Mrs J. Venier

The

THE OUTSTANDING physical characteristic of the prairie is its immensity. The most prominent aspect of its cultural geography is the monotonous occurrence of its distinguishing characteristics throughout an area that has been compared to 'two Hungaries and four Romanias placed end to end'. Together these characteristics have posed extreme problems for the regional artist. Canvasses are not big enough for the wide open spaces of the prairie, while the 'sameness' of the landscape is anathema to the writer and artist alike.

Pollock has solved these problems by making the cultural rather than the physical elements of the landscape the main subjects of his paintings. He has subordinated the landscape to the individual creations

Collection of Mr & Mrs Gary Miles

'Four Elevator Town'.

Prairie Landscape

upon it, so that the artifacts of man, impressed upon the western plain and stark against the prairie sky, invariably dominate his rural scenes. With realism graced by the ever-changing light of the prairie and the colours of its seasons, elevators and grain bins, houses and haystacks, stand prominently and cleanly upon the flat face of the land. They are testimonials to man's struggle with, and adaptation to, a singularly difficult environment, the product of which has been the emergence of one of the most readily identifiable and certainly the most distinctive of rural landscapes.

As the novelist Wallace Stegner has observed, the prairie is a country of geometry: a land of straight lines bounded by the circular dome of the sky. The uniform disposition of roads and farmsteads, together with the all-pervasive chequer-board pattern of cropland, fallow and pasture, is punctuated on the plains by the appearance at regular intervals along the highways and rail lines of small towns and service centres seemingly differentiated in name only. Grain elevators, like sentries, are posted along railway picket lines. Highways parallel the rectangular fields to vanish only when their courses intercept the upturned lip of the horizon. This Euclidean world is repeated in microcosm within individual fields that are furrowed straight at seed time and wind-rowed at harvest. A sea of white in winter when the prairie is reclaimed by nature, the outlines of the fields are visible only where snow-fence bound or where the leafless lines of the wind-breaks cast shadows on the snow.

Collection of G. C. Trites

Near Sperling, Manitoba.

The human impress upon this environment is recent even in Canadian terms. Among observers, its youthfulness has evoked images of landscape frailty and transiency, impressions that are reflected in the vertical boards of the outbuildings and the often unpainted houses, machine sheds, and granaries. Frailty and transiency derive in part from the preferred use of wood as a building material but, as the geographer Rees has pointed out, 'failure to build solidly and tastefully in the first place, and to maintain the buildings subsequently, can be attributed to the lack of capital, the speculative mood during the period of initial settlement, the absence of building codes, low and unstable incomes and the depression syndrome'. The elements of the cultural landscape are thus workaday and utilitarian. In a region of strictly commercial farming on an extensive scale, land has been a commodity to be used and settlement upon it has been essentially exploitative. As in the case of the pre-depression 'wheat miner' and the present town farmer, the Canadian prairie has been no place for the loving care and labour of the *petit propriétaire*.

Collection of G. C. Trites

Mail boxes, Ammeter farm, Headingley.

The steel tank on this abandoned wagon is in three sections for different types of fuel. The cupboard at the rear carried lubricants.

Collection of R. M. Chipman

Collection of Howard Holst

South of Hartney, Manitoba.

'Vanishing Point'.

Collection of Dr & Mrs Wayne Moodie

Today's exodus from the land perpetuates the image of a transient and even derelict landscape. Small towns have become smaller and some have disappeared. The population of a region that remains the agricultural heartland of Canada is now overwhelmingly urban. If not as conspicuous as the elevator, the abandoned farmstead has become as typical of the prairie as the elevator and is indicative of fundamental adjustments in the rural way of life. In contrast to the other settled regions of Canada, rural out-migration on the prairie has not been accompanied by the retreat of agriculture from the land. Rather depopulation has occurred through mechanization and increased farm size, so that a landscape geared to productive efficiency is replacing one forged by the family farm, the basic social unit of agrarian life from time immemorial.

Commenting upon this metamorphosis in his study of western Canadian literature, Edward McCourt has written that 'out of these changed social and economic conditions has evolved a theme of possibly tragic implications which so far none of our novelists has attempted to dramatize — the divorcing of an entire generation from the past.' Much of this past, however, remains embedded in the landscape. It is preserved in the form of deserted farm houses, tumble-down outbuildings, cast-off machinery and other relics that both embody and recall the achievements and values of another generation. This alienation from the land, as yet unarticulated in the literature, has found expression in the landscape art of the region. And it is this theme, more than any other, that is the hallmark of R. G. Pollock's paintings.

In the broadest sense, every element of the cultural landscape is a survival from the past, imparting a temporal dimension that lends meaning both to the landscape and the art that portrays it. Like the landscape and its elements, art can hold no deep interest for us unless we can discern in it traces of the human condition, some image of fate or destiny, something of our past and something of our future. ◆

ALL IN A WINTER'S PATROL

BY W. O. DOUGLAS

This is the last article that W. O. Douglas wrote for 'The Beaver' before his death in June 1978. The photographs (except that of Harry Ford) are from the author's collection, and were taken at Baker Lake in 1917.

BY THE TIME that furrows of slob ice were forming around the shores of Baker Lake and the first wisps of snow were blowing over the black, fast-freezing water, everything that should have been done at my detachment at the south end of the lake before winter finally set in, had been attended to. Coal was stacked in a convenient location and coal-oil and gasoline barrels were up-ended so that they could be more readily located when heavy drifts of snow covered the land.

Sleds and dog harnesses were put in readiness for the first patrol in the winter of 1917 — my second winter in the Arctic with the Royal North West Mounted Police. We also laid in a good supply of grit-free peat. On the first really cold day, this peat was given a warm-water treatment in a galvanized tub, then moulded into warm balls which our employees quickly applied over the steel shoeing of our sleds. Winter travel with steel-shod runners would be heavy and slow. The peat when frozen to the runners was roughly smoothed off with an old plane; then a glaze of ice was applied over it. The glazing was usually done with a piece of polar-bear skin on which water was drooled from the man's mouth to prevent it freezing. The idea of applying peat to sled runners to reduce the drag is said to be a Canadian Eskimo contribution to arctic travel.

That summer I had given a man named Cunnernerk temporary summer employment around the detachment. Before freeze-up we had transported him

The Royal North West Mounted Police detachment at Baker Lake, 1917, situated at the rapids where the water flows from the lake into Chesterfield Inlet.

Police employees Akular and Joe 'mudding' a sled by applying peat to the runners.

and his wife and twelve-year-old son to the north shore of Baker Lake where they could hunt the caribou which we needed for most of our winter dog feed. We were reasonably satisfied that the family would make out all right.

With the first cold days, rumours started to circulate among the native families who were either living at the detachment or camping near by. Caribou would be scarce, the people would be starving during the winter, and even fish might be hard to get. I traced these dire predictions to my principal employee, a man named Akular, a famous conjurer. He had been conversing with his spirits, and the people regarded him seriously.

Akular was a remarkable man: loyal to the core and a fine guide and traveller. It was he who had relayed the two men, Radford and Street, to Bathurst Inlet far to the north and west, where he handed them over to the care of the people of that area. They were subsequently murdered and then it was Akular who took Inspector French and Sergeant-Major Caulkin of the Royal North West Mounted Police back to where he had left the two men whose murders they were now investigating.

Akular had yet to convince me of his power as a sorcerer, although in the light of what happened that winter, his predictions did come true. He had two fine sons; the eldest, Atonglar, was a fine hunter who preferred living the life of his people, while the younger son, Savgatar, liked to work with the white men.

When the ice had formed and there was a sufficient covering of snow, I decided to visit Cunnernerk to see how they were making out with the caribou. We crossed the lake, Akular driving the lead team and Savgatar coming behind with the second. We planned to visit briefly with Cunnernerk and his family and then to continue on to the Hudson's Bay Company trading post at Baker Lake. There we would learn what was happening in outlying camps.

Suddenly Akular stopped his team and signalled to his son to do likewise. What he had seen after scanning the country with his telescope was evidently not to his liking. There was a pole on the land near Cunnernerk's camp with a piece of deerskin attached to it. This, according to Akular, meant that someone had died. There was also something on the ice which he could not understand. Although I was unable to follow the conversation between Akular and his son, I did hear the name 'Eeshateek' mentioned. This was the twelve-year-old son of the man I had sent to hunt caribou, and to whose camp we were now headed. We had a mug-up — hot tea and some dried meat — and then moved on. As we came closer to the object on the ice, the two Eskimo drivers had difficulty holding back their excited dog-teams.

While the two drivers were handling the dogs and keeping them in check I walked over and, to my horror, saw the body of twelve-year-old Eeshateek frozen into the ice. By now the two men had removed anything that would spill, such as coal oil and primus stoves, from the sleds and had turned them over to keep the dogs from getting close to the body.

Then Akular came towards me. He remained quiet for a few moments and then started to walk towards the shore of the lake some fifty feet or less away. He was gone for some time and on his return informed me that he had come across an abandoned igloo. He was all for leaving the scene of the tragedy, saying there was nothing we could do. It was my duty to find out what had happened and I asked for his opinion. The boy Eeshateek, he believed, had been tobogganing down the little hill at the edge of the lake. The momentum had evidently carried him and his sled — also frozen into the ice close to the body — out over the thin ice which had collapsed under his weight.

The parents would be unaware of the accident when it occurred and by the time they realized something might have happened to their son he had already died of exposure. There was no way they could retrieve the body since the ice would not bear the weight of an adult person.

Akular and his son had already started to straighten out the dog traces and, from the few snatches of conversation I could understand, I learned that they intended to leave right away for the Hudson's Bay Company post at Baker Lake, without doing anything about the body. Their explanation was that we would need all our time to make the post before dark.

Akular actually started off but stopped his team a little distance off so that Savgatar and I could join him. There was a lot going through my mind. Although I had charge of the patrol I could do nothing without the two men. I had every faith in Akular and liked him very much, but it seemed to be against his beliefs to

touch the body in any way. His whole attitude had changed; even his usually smiling son had become quiet and sullen.

My conscience, however, would not allow me to leave the body in the ice. I asked Savgatar for his ice chisel and started to chop around the corpse. While I was doing this, with the intention of cutting the body free and then pushing it under the firm ice where animals could not reach it, Akular returned and stood watching me. It was quite evident that he considered me inept with the ice chisel. It was a heavy tool, fixed to long, strong wooden handles which provided more weight.

Akular let me know that he thought I was not doing the cutting properly. I should be cutting into the ice on an angle rather than straight down. Then I would be able to slide the imprisoned corpse onto the firm ice and take it ashore for burial. His interest rather surprised but pleased me. I had not expected any assistance, co-operation, or advice. Akular also suggested that I punch a hole through the ice in which the body was encased and which was now afloat, then reeve a piece of rawhide line through the hole so that we would be better able to drag it to the shore. We pulled it up onto the ice and then Akular suggested I also cut out the small sled, which we could use in pulling the body to the shore.

Ashore we found plenty of stones to form a grave, but all were frozen to the ground. Akular and his son pitched in and before long had managed to free enough stones to cover Eeshateek's body in its ice coffin. Because they had not actively taken part in the freeing of the body, the spell may have been broken, for the men seemed relieved. I was very thankful for the help they had given, for I could not have done the work alone.

That evening rather late, we arrived at the Hudson's Bay post and received the usual warm welcome from Manager Harry Ford. At that time Ford was the most proficient interpreter in the country; I had been told that he conversed with several different groups of Eskimo in their own dialects. I told him about finding the body and he agreed to have the parents, when they came in to trade, travel the one-day journey to the police detachment and give me their account of what had happened to their son.

I spent the evening talking to Mr Ford and his assistant. Very few people had yet been in to trade and there was every indication that this was going to be a hard winter for all of them. The yearly caribou migration on which the people were almost entirely dependent, had failed. Now all their time would have to be spent fishing the many lakes in the district. It was a grim prospect indeed.

In those days the turbulent water where the Thelon River entered Baker Lake was a favoured caribou crossing. I saw one migration there in later years and

Cunnernerk (left), son Eeshateek, and Constable C. Crombie packing out freshly-killed caribou from inland to where they had left their canoe.

Crombie (facing camera) with Cunnernerk and his wife, and their son Eeshateek; taken a few months before the tragic sledding accident which claimed Eeshateek's life.

Akular, famous conjurer and guide; and his wife Ki-i-tuk.

the number of animals was staggering. For almost three days an unbroken herd crossed the river. When for some reason or another — possibly changes in the customary weather pattern or the direction of the wind — the herds were diverted from their usual routes, the inland-dwelling people were compelled to lead an almost nomadic life, moving from lake to lake in search of fish for themselves and their dogs.

It had been a sad and tiring day for me. In the morning, after a good night's sleep, I awakened to the smell of what we northerners called 'sowbelly', which we ate with hot cakes. Mr Ford had an excellent Eskimo cook who made good bread — delicious when toasted and buttered. I am afraid that I often over-ate on occasions such as this.

It appeared that it was going to be a busy day of trading so I went to the store to deliver the usual handshake and meet the people from the Thelon and Kazan River districts. They were cheerful and had a few fox pelts to trade, but all had the same complaint about the disappointing failure of the caribou to arrive. I assured them of police assistance in case of a general famine and returned to the house to write up my diary.

Later that day, at lunch, I asked Mr Ford if he would interpret for me, as I understood there was a man who was anxious to see me. Mr Ford was agreeable and a message was relayed to the hunter that I would see him. Soon the door flew open and a short Eskimo entered, dressed in full winter travelling apparel. He pushed back his hood and came towards me. He then waved his arms, threw back his head and shouted a few words. Mr Ford immediately translated them: 'Here I am and now you can shoot me'. I was shocked by his words. His eyes looked quite wild, but he was unarmed and did not seem dangerous.

I then asked Mr Ford what this was all about. The man was talking quite loudly, in a sort of a chant which now and again reached high notes. There was no doubt but that he was living in another world. I thought Harry Ford looked alarmed and I wondered if I should feel that way also. I asked Mr Ford to interrupt him and bring him back into the world of reality. I got up, invited the agitated man to have a chair and, since it was near four o'clock, offered him tea.

When Manager Ford went out to put on the kettle I caught a glimpse of a crowd of curious people in the kitchen. They probably were aware of what was happening and waiting for my reaction to the story we were about to hear. We didn't rush things but, when we had finished our tea drinking, I asked Mr Ford if he would tell me the story. After a long conversation between Mr Ford and the agitated man, the interpreter turned to me and said that this man had shot his son and had heard that if the police knew about it they would come and shoot him. I assured him that this was not true, and that I appreciated his coming to the trading post to report the incident. I expressed my sympathy and regretted that he had been through such a difficult time.

The man was to return the following day but something unexpected happened and it was not until a day later that I got the story. Five people were involved in the tragedy: the man who had shot his son, his wife, two other sons, and a daughter. The eldest son had been crippled all his life and was unable to walk. The family had been living south-west of the Baker Lake post, at the Kazan River caribou crossing. With the failure of the annual migration, family after family left for the fishing lakes, leaving the one family alone. Because of the crippled son they had decided to stay on, hoping day after day that the caribou would

appear. Finally, if they were to survive, they had to move to the lake to fish, leaving the crippled son alone. It was a hard decision to make but there was no alternative. They were unable to carry him and had some distance to go to the lake they had in mind.

The crippled boy would only be alone until they could get some food and return; by then it was hoped that conditions might have changed and they would be able to haul him on a small sled, assisted by their two thin, starving dogs.

The wolves were all around, suffering just as the people were because of the failure of the caribou migration. In order to protect their son they built a rock igloo around him and left him on comfortable skins with what food they could spare. The family possessed only one rifle and they could not leave it behind in case they should find a stray caribou. The two half-starved dogs were unable to pack anything, so the group had to carry their things to the fishing lake: a caribou-skin tent and two wooden poles, an ice chisel, bedding and a very small amount of food. The crippled boy was terrified at the thought of being left alone at the mercy of the wolves without any defensive weapon.

The group walked all day and in the evening the man told his wife that at first light he was going back to his son while the others started fishing. He told them where to fish and assured them of his quick return.

When he arrived at the stone shelter, some wolves had moved into the camp area; others were howling a short distance away. They were all starving. The crippled son heard his father and pleaded to be taken away. The father stood transfixed. The thought of his well-loved son's body being torn to pieces by the animals passed through his mind. He feared that he would go insane if he listened much longer to his son's pathetic plea. He could stand it no longer.

He picked up his rifle, placed the gun barrel through a crack in the rocks and fired. No sound came from inside the rock shelter. He waited until he thought his son's spirit had departed the body, stuck the murder weapon in the snow, then turned and ran away. By the time he reached his family, who had been successful with their fishing, he was in a state of complete exhaustion. Noting that the father's gun was missing and understanding the tradition, the family realized what had happened. The demented mother went outside crying out to the spirits, while the frightened teenagers huddled together.

Without a rifle they were now restricted to fishing, and ate the fish raw except on the odd occasion when they could gather some moss and a few willow twigs together, to make fish broth. Shortly after the first snow fell a visitor arrived at their fishing camp, the son of a family well-known to them, on his way to trade furs. He was able to provide them with a little dried meat and gave them three traps. It was their small

Savgatar, son of Akular, fishing for dog feed near the Baker Lake police detachment.

Harry Ford, manager of the H B C post at Baker Lake, 1917-1925. Ford was a proficient interpreter of several Eskimo dialects.

W. O. Douglas, wearing the winter travel clothing of the R N W M P.

success with these traps that brought the family in to trade and to tell their sad story.

What I have related is simply the outline of the story. The interpreter would tell me in a few sentences what had taken the man quite a while to relate; no detail had been too small for him to recall. We were later joined by the distressed mother who told us her version of the incident. Obviously she had suffered terribly and she would go into a low chant as she related her part of the story. I had to get all the information because this was going to be one of the most difficult reports I would have to write. I had to convince someone in Ottawa that the conditions I was reporting on were quite common. In some years starvation was never far away from the inland people.

The government would be quite ready to give the unfortunate man a small outfit to start out with, but this would not include a rifle. Without the rifle the family would have to subsist almost entirely on fish. So I parted with my own rifle, from which I had never fired a shot. That night I spent many hours trying to point out in my report the tremendous hardships and mental anguish this unfortunate man had gone through.

During my stay at the Hudson's Bay Company post another tragedy was unfolding. An apprentice working on the store roof noticed a person walking in circles out on the lake. Occasionally he stumbled and fell. It turned out to be a man seeking relief for his starving family. Since he was close to the limit of his strength he was taken care of in the post kitchen. He was unable to identify himself but we gathered from his garbled words that his son had started off to seek relief but failed to make it to the post. Later two young men arrived to trade; they were able to tell us who the man was and where his starving family was located.

Harry Ford had a deep understanding not only of the language, but of the people. This remarkable knowledge was an asset to his employers, to the government, and to travellers from outside the area who did not speak Eskimo. There were several good men who worked with Harry Ford, in particular Keenak, a quiet, capable Eskimo. Keenak and my guide Akular set out together to find the boy who had originally gone for help and to search for the starving family of the distraught man. They were unable to find the family themselves but fortunately they met two men who gave them the information they needed. So they returned to the post, loaded emergency rations on a large sled and sent relief supplies on the way.

When I returned to the detachment, we received the news that several families whom we had thought might be starving, were managing to survive by fishing. Then a blizzard struck; a terrible storm with high winds, intense cold, and blowing snow. It lasted for three days without let-up.

Later I received a letter from Mr Ford in which he informed me that the relief party had brought back the destitute family; however they had failed to find the boy's body and the father, who never recovered from his anxiety, had died. His family was being taken care of at the Hudson's Bay Company post, and would probably be reunited with their own people in the spring.

The letter also contained a sequel to the murder story. The man who shot his son never quite recovered from the tragedy and was described by those who met him as 'queer'. During the blizzard he wandered off and was found later, frozen to death, his body crouched behind a snow shelter. I was sorry to learn of his fate, but knew that he was so filled with remorse that it was unlikely he could ever be normal again. It was a great load off my mind however and I lost no time in adding a postscript to my report on the case which was ready to go out on the winter packet to Churchill. Had the father of the crippled boy lived, there would have been a trial, and I did not relish that idea.

On that one winter patrol in 1917 there had been four deaths, all related to near-starvation. ◆

Ishumavut: Thoughts of the People

By Sheldon O'Connell

Mr O'Connell is manager of the Northern Service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

DAILY ACROSS THE NORTH the Inuit in their settlement homes share an exchange of information and opinion through an open-line radio program called 'Ishumavut' — the Inuktitut expression for 'Our Thoughts'. The program is produced by the callers themselves: it is they who decide the content of the hour-long discussion that is moderated by Inuit broadcasters located in the Maison Radio Canada Northern Shortwave studio in Montreal. The program has become the main public forum for viewpoints expressed in Inuktitut on almost every conceivable subject from space travel to shamanism. It is probably the most popular Inuit broadcast in the North, for it gives an opportunity to all to express themselves on issues of critical importance in the lives of those who live in Nouveau Québec and the Northwest Territories: difficulties with bureaucracy, pride in tradition, concern for the quality of life, for change, and for differences on the 'outside' which have impact on the North.

The quality of life and the survival and enrichment of Inuit values are frequent topics of conversation, but so are the questions which occupy most Canadians: the cost of living, employment opportunities, political leadership, security, recreation, and environment.

'Long ago, we used to go camping around POV [Povungnituk] with dog-teams and make kayaks on which to go back inland. We would follow the ice as it breaks and be away for about a month at a time. We took care of our land. The Kabloona should too. The animal life must be protected! But where does the ownership, the proprietorship rest?'

This question often arises in debate over Inuit claims to territorial and other jurisdictional boundaries. A Saglouc listener stimulated lively discussion on the question of rights and entitlement with the almost biblical statement,

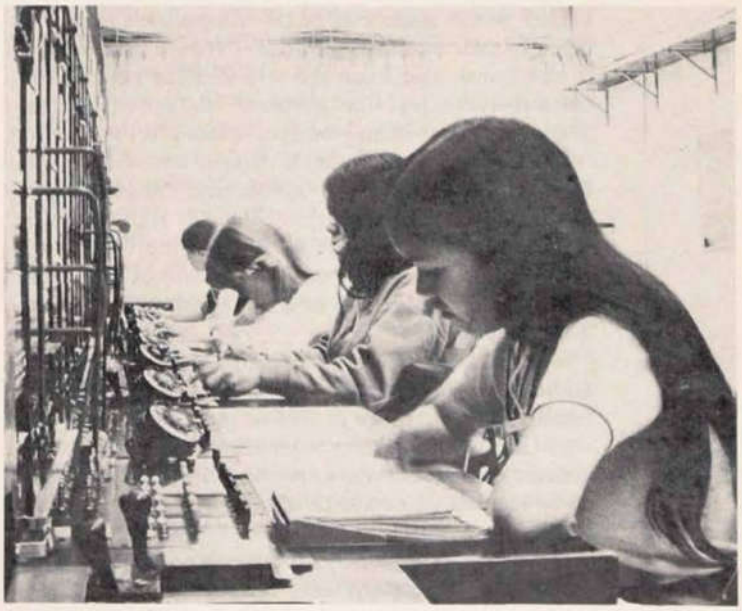
'We Inuit have always thought that northern Quebec is our land because we have always lived on it. We have starved on the land; we have hunted, fished, died on it, been born and will bear again on it. We are realizing for the first time how complicated the white man's world is. They have a need to own. Ours is a simple culture, but it is being done away with.'

'We must resist' said another. 'I always thought this was Inuit land; now I am beginning to realize it is run by white people. If the whites and Inuit were helping each other by agreement, it would be a good thing but whites must not come and take what is ours without asking first, and without giving in return.'

Few differences arise on such traditionally important matters as kinship or the well-being of one's partners. If there are differences they are only in how best to secure comfort and happiness for older people in the alien concept of the senior citizens' home.

'I don't want old people's homes in the North because they might think we just want to put them out of our sight' said a Frobisher Bay caller. 'If their sons and daughters are gone away, then I think they should move in with relatives. I have seen old people living in special homes in the South. I am not sure they are very happy.' A participant from Eskimo Point added 'If we are going to have a senior citizens' home we want to see

Five lines into the Inuit program 'Ishumavut' keep switchboards in the North busy placing toll-free calls to the broadcasting studio in Montreal.



Moses Novalinga and Arnaituk Tarkirk relax in Studio 25, Maison Radio Canada in Montreal, following the hour-long phone-in broadcast.

a good building with enough good Inuit food. I want to see older people taken good care of, all the time.'

There was support for this view from Cape Dorset. 'It would be very good if we had a senior citizens' home here. I would always go to the old people's homes to listen to their interesting stories. I've seen these homes in the South and I can tell you that the people who work there are just like mothers to the senior citizens. We should have senior citizens' places in the North.'

Calls came in from such diverse communities as Fort George in Nouveau Québec and Pangnirtung in the Northwest Territories. 'That's right! Senior citizens' homes are what we need in the North. We must look after these people; they are the ones who built our future. It means a better life in their time. They deserve this.'

An Eskimo Point participant reflected that, in addition to food and shelter, such residences offer the opportunity for older people to meet each other and share mutual interests in a location more accessible to visitors. A concern was expressed for the fate of older Inuit located in non-native retirement homes in the South.

'They are a sad, lonely, and hungry-looking bunch' said a caller in Great Whale. 'It would be a good idea if we had old people's homes in the North. There are times when a person becomes suddenly alone in a family. We want to see such people have a good home and good food in our time.'

On the subject of anthropologists, a Povungnituk caller complained 'Some people come North to study us. To experience living among us with our families. But they never say when they are going to come or for how long, or how much they plan to give the family with whom they plan to stay. I am not mad at them or anything, but I just wish the whites would have more consideration for the Inuit. Recently I put two men to the door because they were going to stay a month and give us $100.00 for their food and shelter and comfort. A month is a long time. They just took notes of our children. Besides, these white visitors want to be taken hunting and fishing and so on, by skidoo. I guess they think that we don't know anything and that we have nothing to lose by keeping them and letting them impose on us.'

This comment brought opinions from others who admit to wondering about 'scientists who dig up old clothes and bones from the ground. We, the Inuit, should be able to say something about what is being found and said about our culture today. Sometimes

A Pond Inlet caller. Reproduced with permission from 'Inuit Today'.

these Kabloona people get their information wrong from Inuit who do not want to shock them with the truth and keep it lighter than it really is. I, myself, see evidence that they get wrong information in the museums where they show our Inuit culture.'

Because the program is conducted entirely in the Eskimo language, it is both a linguistic and cultural preserve for those who take part. They discuss openly the issues which they may have in common — some to which they relate sympathetically or others which they hotly dispute.

But the topics are not all issues and concerns. There is time for fun and neighbourly comment, for messages and light-hearted remarks about experiences that touch many in their dealings within communities, associations, and organizations.

One Povungnituk caller admitted 'I haven't reported for a long time so here is what little news I have. A lot of walruses were hunted and berries picked. They are really good in a special recipe my wife has for "Anyberry Pie" — any berries you want to use are welcome in this pie. Also the houses built for the fall and winter might have higher rents than last year, or so it seems. Soapstone carvings are going up in price. The motorcycles are getting dangerous to the users because recently there was an accident — which hasn't amounted to much, yet.'

News of all kinds is valued, as long as it is expressed in Inuktitut, the language of the Inuit people, but of highest value is news which tends to reinforce the background of fable, myth, and personal incident found in traditional stories.

'I've been yearning to hear news ever since I became an adult because listening to it just makes me glow. Also earlier events of our times and our people should never be forgotten. Our children need to listen to such news as a means of learning and of understanding which is profound. Could our old stories be put into the form of news?'

'No' replied another. 'We must also learn what is happening in the present and learn what to expect in the future and understand both. We all have a chance to listen to the news, but we don't have a chance to ask what a lot of the expressions mean. By the time we have a chance to ask, by the time we have puzzled out a meaning of what is said, we have forgotten what news item we wanted to ask about.'

A caller from Sanikiluaq on the Belcher Islands held out for the need to know, regardless of informational diversity.

'Regarding this news issue, we must remind ourselves that the news tells of events that truly happen. Some of the items are not to our present interest. This is so. Nevertheless we need to listen for events that may one day affect us. Normally we do not know of our world and its events, but it is beneficial to hear it directly as it happened.' A Great Whale caller closed the topic. 'The only comment I have is that I like news given on shortwave because I don't generally like to listen to ordinary gossip.'

'Enough on the subject of news' said a caller from Inoucdjouac in Quebec. 'Could there be any hockey broadcasts in Inuktitut for those of us who are interested in this sport?'

The comment about hockey led to a program on the subject of leisure time activities and traditional Inuit sports. 'Our recreation people here in Resolute don't do enough about the activities. They don't let the older people play any games. And the Recreation Department lets the kids play on Dominion Day, but that's about all.'

A few moments later the same theme was reflected by a Sanikiluaq listener. 'I just want to say that the games that used to be played a long time ago are no longer with us. It is just too bad. Everybody seems to have forgotten them. Young people of today don't have any idea about them. They miss a lot of fun.'

Many discuss the welfare of Inuit children who are encountering new values through outside schooling, or problems dealing with various federal, provincial, or municipal levels of government. Some believe that the linguistically closed nature of the program might

work against its effectiveness as an expression of individual or collective concerns. But an outline of significant comment, merely a line or two about each call, is quickly translated into English and French. These reports, together with printed comments in the Inuit language, form the basis of periodic trilingual leaflets that are mailed to all who are interested in being kept aware of activities in various settlements. The summary is sent without charge to agencies, private organizations, cultural and other associations, universities, hospitals, nursing stations, and settlement councils. Those who receive the summaries glance through the comments and hopefully consider ways in which they may provide assistance, take corrective measures, or simply reflect on what has been said by the Inuit as consumers. The topics, often global, touch on issues which reveal deep philosophical insights. To retain confidentiality outside the linguistic perimeter of the program, the printed summaries indicate the origin of the call, but do not identify the caller.

Inuit hospitalized in Montreal know great cultural deprivation, in spite of the interested care they receive. In order to provide them with the reassuring sounds and voices of home, the Montreal General Hospital has arranged to relay the program into the hospital by a direct line through Bell Canada. Patients are thus able to listen to 'Ishumavut' and take active part.

Sometimes this means criticizing the care and procedures which lead to hospitalization and convalescence. Consider the frustration of the Saglouc patient who, bewildered in Montreal, cautioned listeners that 'another very bothersome thing in the south is the traffic; be on a constant watch for yourself! On the second day of my time in hospital the interpreter asked me to be there for a ten o'clock appointment. So I went there at eight in the morning, but the interpreter didn't show up. I waited all day and became very hungry. I ate what I bought from a store. There is a need for more interpreters. I also wish they could get someone at the airport — an Inuit who is capable of interpreting.'

An Igloolik person added 'The patients are well looked after, so much more so than in the past. The telephone has a good advantage too. You get to talk to a relative, and you hear more often about a relative in a hospital. I once knew a person who was hospitalized for ten years in the South. This person did not have a visitor for a long time. Nowadays, they are in a hospital for a year; some of them less than a year. I went to Winnipeg to go to a hospital one time. I tell you, I was very scared but they took good care of me. I gather it's still the same. There is a lack of good communication when you're in a hospital. I didn't talk to anyone for a long time, and I almost went crazy. I feel there has to be a telephone operator fluent in our native language.'

The value of such a service is underlined in many references to the sense of alienation that Inuit newcomers experience upon arrival 'outside'. A participant from Great Whale reported 'I just came back to the settlement from Montreal. I was staying at a transient house there and was looked after very well. But if no one had been at the airport to meet me, I would have become lost at the airport. This can be a frightening thing, especially when one is very ill. Some patients seem to be hard to handle; perhaps it is because they are frightened. Let me say that I have great respect for interpreters who have to deal with them.'

If a sense of bewilderment marks the first experience of Inuit who travel out, there is also the importance attached to telephone service which is at the heart of the program 'Ishumavut'.

'We here in Igloolik like the telephone. It is extremely valuable to us. But there should be more circuits connected to the North.'

This topic of telephone service leads to comparisons and supporting views from other communities such as Pond Inlet where a caller 'would like to know if Igloolik or Cape Dorset have their own operators — that is, Inuit operators. There should be more circuits available to Inuit land.' Affirmative comment quickly followed from another settlement 'I think that those who have power should look at communities that have only radio-telephones and consider such communities as deserving of priority attention. They should look after them first, then the others.'

As if to illustrate a point made earlier, a participant from Inoucdjouac added, 'Since the operators were busy, I only have short news. The Co-op here is building larger extensions to the small store and we are having a party to commemorate this event. Now a short message to listeners, I wish that all people would just help one another in all views without clashing by not making the next person, or the one before them, smaller than they are themselves.'

The Saglouc caller came back on the program at this point to report 'The supply ship is in! The supply ship is in! I shall now issue forth all of my views on the air (three seconds of silence). Taimali . . . that's all.'

A remark that is a favourite among listeners and broadcasters was made by a Povungnituk caller on a Wednesday, the day set aside for messages to listeners in the Northwest Territories and Nouveau Québec.

'I send an all-round message to all the sick people who listen to the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. We bless you all and ask that you do not become impatient.

'But it is now 12:30 p.m. and time to tune in to the topics that interest northern people in terms of news, views, frustrations, achievements, and hopes. Time to turn the shortwave radio to 11720 or 9625 Kilohertz and turn up the volume for "Ishumavut".' ◆

'The Old Man from Makkovik'
Hermann Theodor Jannasch

By Leslie H. Neatby

Dr Neatby, retired professor of classics, University of Saskatchewan, is presently working on a translation from the autobiography of Hans Jannasch, son of Hermann Jannasch.

Photographs of the missions are by Hermann Jannasch, and are reproduced by kind permission of Niels W. Jannasch, his grandson.

IN 1879 the Moravian Labrador Mission needed a practical and vigorous man to work among the Eskimos and the 'settlers' — that large group of various ethnic strains who had grown up along the coast during centuries of contact with European visitors. The ruling council of the Moravian Order sought counsel of the Lord and their lot fell on Hermann Jannasch.

The young missionary, until this time, had planned to return to 'sunny Africa' where he had been born, and to continue his parents' work among the Hottentots. He had spent his infancy in the Dutch settlement of Groenkloof at the Cape, and at an impressionable age, he observed the ill-usage of the Hottentot by the Boer, and developed the sympathy for primitive folk which was to serve him well in mature life.

Early separation from parents was then the inevitable lot of children born in the mission field. In 1855 little Hermann was taken to Cape Town with five other children to board a Dutch East Indiaman bound for Europe. The unhappy children shrieked and wailed as they were squeezed into a boat, rowed to the ship over a heaving sea and, assisted by the sailors, made to ascend a rope ladder with the waves foaming beneath.

Hermann Jannasch with his wife Marie and five of their children, from a photograph taken in Germany in 1896 prior to their return to Labrador. Hans (at right) later wrote a biography of his father.

Moravian missions where Jannasch served, 1879-1903.

From the deck the lonely child watched the row-boat which bore his parents back to land, receding and growing ever smaller until it was lost amid the shipping at the dockside.

Little Hermann was unfortunate in the care he received on the voyage. Of the mission couple appointed to care for the six children, one was indisposed and the other unfit to give them the needed attention. Frau Bonatz was prostrated with seasickness and her husband was absorbed in compiling a Hottentot dictionary, so their forlorn charges were left to depend on the kindness of a Malay seaman. For some days they were kept confined to the cabin by stormy weather, crying and wailing for their mothers. When again allowed on deck they ran to the captain and implored him to take them back to their parents. The kindly skipper ordered the steward to comfort them by serving them with special dainties and appointed his nephew, a youth of sixteen on his way home from Batavia, to occupy part of their time by giving them school lessons for the period of the voyage. When they arrived in Germany the children embarked on the secular education and religious training befitting the Order into which they had been born.

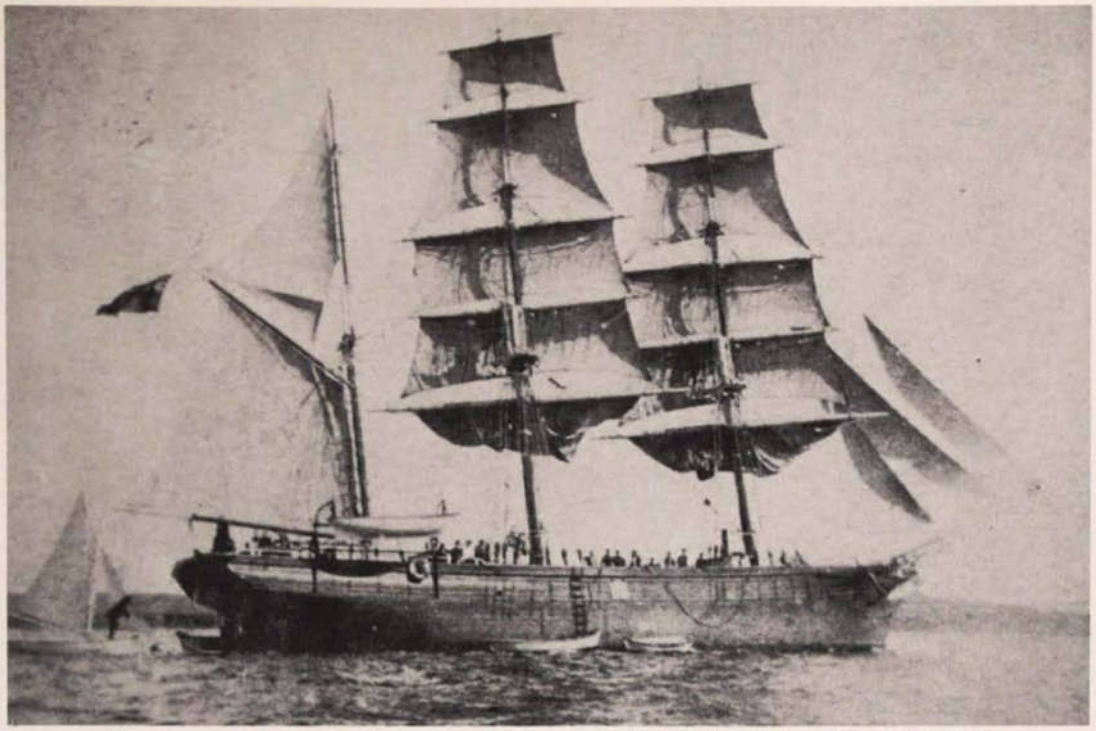
Young Jannasch showed such proficiency in his schooling that the council earmarked him for training as a minister. This was quite contrary to his wishes, for he had declared emphatically that it was his ambition to go back to Africa and continue the work among the Hottentots. His plea was granted, and as practical skills were an essential part of the evangelist's equipment in primitive surroundings, he was assigned to train as a carpenter. For this trade too he displayed unusual aptitude which he was to use so remarkably in the foreign field.

While waiting for a vacancy to occur at his chosen station Jannasch found employment as a teacher in the school at Kleinwelke, where most of the pupils were children who, like himself, had been prematurely torn away from their parents. His understanding and sympathy for these semi-orphans won him their unending gratitude. A man of restless and inventive turn, he varied the school program with scientific studies and manual arts; he experimented with the then youthful art of photography, and left a lasting impression on his scholars by his virtuosity as a vocalist and performer on the trombone and the French horn.

These manifold duties did not hinder Jannasch from associating with the missionaries who came to reside at Kleinwelke during furlough or as a place of permanent retirement. Among these he met Johann August Miertsching who was equal to himself in versatility and drive. Miertsching, after mastering the Eskimo language at the Labrador station of Okak, had been directed to join the Arctic-bound barque *Investigator* and serve as native interpreter in the search for Sir John Franklin. After five wild years of peril and deprivation, during which he was at various times informal chaplain, tinsmith, shoemaker and carpenter, Miertsching completed the traverse of the Northwest Passage from west to east with Captain McClure, and came home to marry a wife and receive the posting to South Africa where his active career ended. 'Broad of shoulder, sturdy, and of boisterous cheerfulness, he sat like an old sailor with his glass of grog before him — an unclerical indulgence for which he had acquired a taste during his service with the Royal Navy — and was ever talking of his adventures in the realm of everlasting ice.' Jannasch did not suspect that he was to endure similar hardships, as the son-in-law of the retired missionary.

This destiny, however, was not long in unfolding. When he was chosen for the Labrador mission the 'vision of sunny Africa faded from his hopes to be replaced by the harsh and barren rocks of Labrador'. Jannasch's own reluctance was intensified by the advice of relatives and friends, but he had been schooled to suppress his own inclinations and to surrender himself wholly to God's guidance. He gave his consent, and after the initial disappointment, became convinced that he was being guided in the way he ought to go.

A condition of the appointment was that he should provide himself with a partner fit and willing to go



The 'Harmony', Moravian mission ship which supplied the Labrador stations from 1861 to 1897.

abroad and share in his missionary labours. He found such a one in the orphaned Marie Miertsching. The two were wed, and after a stay in London and in the Orkneys they set sail for the barren shores where their working lives were to be spent. After two years at the Hopedale mission where they were trained, acclimatized, and learned the native language, the young couple and their infant daughter were transferred to the station at Nain for a tour of duty that was to last ten years. There on 22 January 1883 a son, Hans-Windekilde Jannasch, was born. From the biography he wrote of his father, *Unter Hottentoten und Eskimos*, one obtains vivid and entertaining glimpses of life at Nain and relations between the Moravian teachers and their flock. The passages that follow are translated from the son's account:

'As the most junior of the three missionaries [at Nain] my father soon had to take on the task of managing the store. Though this function was very different, and indeed positively inconsistent with the normal activities of the missionary, it furnished rare opportunities of studying the Eskimo personality and of shaping it in a beneficial manner. As the Hudson's Bay Company had held a monopoly of trading privileges throughout the entire area of the Arctic a royal decree had been required to secure to the Brethren the right of trading on their stations. . . . So each mission station had its store where regular trade was conducted. There lay trade goods brought by the *Harmony* [the mission ship that brought the stations their annual supplies] to be exchanged for furs, dried fish, and oil. In connection with the store a blubber mill and an oil refinery had been set up.

'Every business transaction put one's honour to the test, for the gain of one party was the loss of the other. This circumstance was a grave handicap to the missionaries in their function as ministers of the Gospel. So one Sunday after the sermon some men challenged my father to a discussion on his way of doing business. Their spokesman complained that recently when weighing out tobacco my father had broken a little off because the scales were inclining that way. Yet he was bound to grant somewhat more than was required, for he had told them in a sermon that "Charity seeketh not her own". My father replied that he left it to the scales to decide what was right with no thought of his own advantage. Such was the spokesman's own practice, for not long ago when he brought in 204 pounds of trout, he had kept his eyes glued to the scales to make sure that he got every ounce that was his due.

' "Yes" retorted the Eskimo, "but *I* don't preach sermons on charity!"

'On another occasion an Eskimo appeared in the store to make purchases on credit, though his account showed him already deep in debt. My father would not consent to give him anything. The purchaser (who was

Turnip harvest in the snow, Hebron, 1885.

well grounded in Scripture) quoted: "From him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away."

' "Right you are" responded my father, "but it is also written in the Word of God, 'The wicked man borroweth and payeth not again'." The Eskimo left in a rage, slamming the door behind him. He came back the next day and discharged his account in full.

'The Eskimos were very quick at citing texts from Holy Writ. In the time of the root-crop harvest an elderly loafer, known as the "scrounger", came to rest against the garden fence in the hope of obtaining the rare luxury of turnip tops, or even the turnip itself. When the missionary working there persistently ignored him he called over the fence, "Do not the Scriptures say 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn'?" To which the man of God replied, "An ox you may be, but I'm hanged if you ever trod out any corn".

'Hard as the missionaries tried to make the natives comprehend that they operated the store not for personal gain, but as part of their mission, they could never convince those usually kindly disposed folk. In periods of want the indebtedness of the Eskimos increased enormously and caused all sorts of ill-feeling. . . . And so my father, who often let these things trouble him more than they ought, was profoundly thankful when, after a few years, he could turn the store over to a younger colleague.

'Of course even while storekeeper my father had shared intimately in the main duty of the mission, the preaching of the Word and spiritual guidance. During his latter years at Nain these became his principal occupation. As his mastery of the native language grew he became more and more impressed by the peculiar characteristics of these children of Nature. Was it common sense to judge these people from the Stone Age by the standards of our culture? Was it not often impossible to reconcile our ethical principles with the conditions in which they lived? At "Sprechen" — private talks with individuals prior to the community's evening meal — confessions would be made which startled the missionary, and it could happen that a considerable proportion of the settlement would incur the penalties of the Church, that is, would be barred from Our Lord's Table. In human terms their offences were easy to understand, but in their consciences they were condemned by the Word of God. For the man's stage of development cannot be taken into account where the Holy Spirit prevails — children often have consciences as sensitive as those of their elders. My father suffered painful hours of doubt and wavering when he pondered on these experiences.

'There was a young Eskimo girl whom the storekeeper had employed as a helper at times when, owing to measuring seal oil, book-keeping and the arranging of his wares, he could not fulfill his duties without aid. The girl was not of outstanding

A view of the Nain mission.

The choir at Nain, c. 1880.

intelligence, but she was reliable and proved herself incorruptible. In the season of bitter cold the oil flowed sluggishly from the measuring vessel and left a significant quantity adhering to its sides which, when the Eskimo vendor refilled it, turned out to his profit and caused loss to the trade. The natives took the fullest advantage of this circumstance. But this source of profit had an end when the girl took time to drain the cask to the very end and to wipe out its interior. The men were so disturbed and enraged at this that they threatened her with a thrashing. Not in the least intimidated she replied: "I am not here to work for the storekeeper, but for God Himself. He sees what we do and requires that I should be honest in the smallest particular." She suffered no harm, for the Eskimo readily acknowledges the justice of an appeal to Scripture.

'In this connection one might quote an experience of my father's, the impression of which remained with him to the end of his days. . . . One morning he found a folded paper attached to his door-latch. It had been written by an Eskimo to make confession of a murder committed some years before. Early left an orphan, he had been brought up by an aunt who wedded a man of notorious brutality. Feared and shunned by his own folk, because in a fit of rage he had laid violent hands on a missionary, this Eskimo avoided their society and set up his tent in a remote spot to fish and hunt. Both wife and stepson suffered cruelly from his savage outbursts. He would often threaten to kill them. One morning the woman was overpowered by the temptation to free herself from this torment. It was early dawn; the man lay sleeping in the tent, and beside him was his rifle, ready loaded. She urged the boy, then fifteen years of age, to "shoot the brute". He did so. They then so laid the gun that it appeared to have slipped from the tent-pole against which it rested and killed the man by an accidental discharge. The neighbours called in readily accepted the story, as it was their conviction that one who had assaulted the minister of God would never die a natural death.

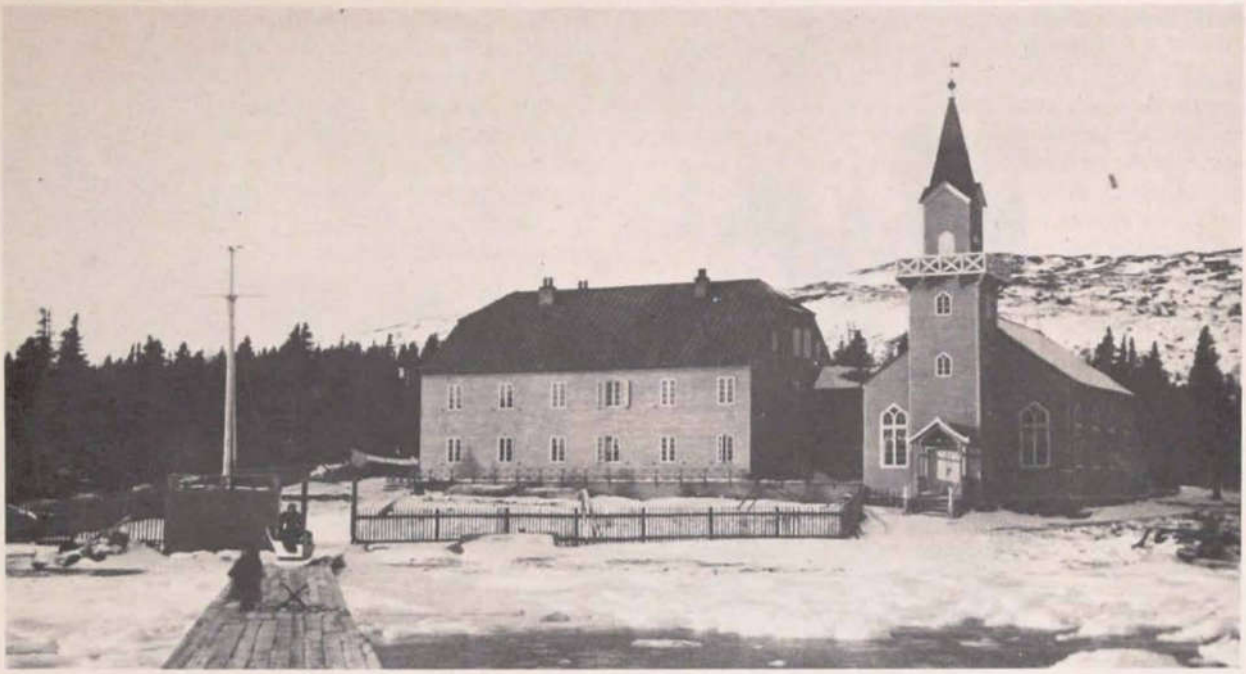
'Years passed by. The young man married, and proved to be an excellent husband. As his life was blameless he became a full member of the religious community. When twenty-five years of age he met with an accident when out hunting, and lay helpless among the rocks with a broken leg. But neither pain nor hunger, nor thirst — which was worse than either — so tortured him as the thought of his past life and his secret guilt. And so he prayed earnestly to God to grant that he might live to confess his fault before men and make atonement for his crime.

'His prayer was answered. The next day two Eskimos found him lying unconscious in an obscure recess among the rocks. They bore him to the mission station, where he made a perfect recovery. He confirmed his written confession with a verbal one, and begged repeatedly that he might be brought to justice to make atonement for the blood that he had shed. He gave my father no rest until he sent a report to the authorities in distant Newfoundland. Months later an answer came back to this effect: "There seemed to be no sufficient reason for bringing the offender to justice. The cost would be prohibitive, and past experience made it likely that he would not survive imprisonment. The offence was remote in time, and as the man had borne a good character ever since judicial proceedings would serve no useful purpose." No one was unhappier at this reply than the murderer, who saw his offered atonement rejected. For months my father laboured to bring his distressed soul to a confidence in forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. He attained belief at last, and with it peace of mind.'

In 1891 the Jannasch family returned to Germany for a period of rest punctuated with lecture tours designed to maintain and promote interest in missions.

On his return to Labrador Jannasch took over the superintendency of the Okak mission, where his late father-in-law, J. A. Miertsching, had served fifty years before. Jannasch busied himself in restoring the buildings, which had fallen into disrepair in the course of a century, and, with the aid of Eskimo deacons, in enforcing the order and discipline which his old and tired predecessor had neglected. Overwork and rheumatism, contracted on sledge journeys, brought on a bout of sickness, particularly distressing to the devoted missionary, now nearing his fiftieth year, as the rulers of the Order were planning the construction of a new station, which Jannasch, if physically fit, was the best qualified person to direct. It was their purpose to set up a church and mission house on some suitable inlet south of Nain and extend their services not to Eskimos only but to fishermen and 'settlers', the people of mixed blood who had grown up along the coast. The intention had been to transfer Jannasch to Hopedale in order that from there he might seek out the best site for the new mission. But when the *Harmony* called at Okak to pick him up (1894) Captain Linklater found him in such poor health that he took him back to Europe to recuperate.

This prudent change of plan proved fortunate both for Jannasch and for the success of the project so near his heart. Back in Germany he was able to represent convincingly to the rulers of the Order the impossibility of providing on-the-spot building materials for the new station. A chance meeting with his old schoolmate, Christoph, removed this difficulty. Christoph, who was in the building trade, undertook to furnish pre-fabricated structures at cost in acknowledgement of God's goodness in saving him from bankruptcy. 'I will build your station, renouncing all profit,' he promised.



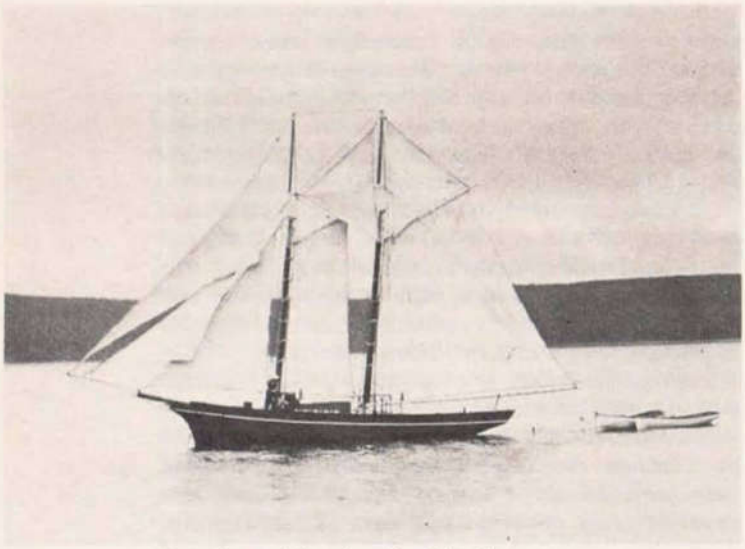
Makkovik, the mission which Hermann Jannasch established in 1896.

With the problem of the buildings thus disposed of, Jannasch sailed next summer on the *Harmony* to determine the exact site for building. He had in mind the vicinity of Cape Ailik. On the ship's approach, the bay was seen to be obscured by thick fog and before it dispersed, a gale drove the ship southward to Makkovik Fiord. There the Norwegian settler Anderson advised Jannasch that the harbour at Ailik was so dangerous as to be barely practicable, while Makkovik would answer his purpose admirably. Acknowledging 'the finger of God' which had thus guided him, Jannasch made his own survey of the fiord and found in Flounder Bay a place suitable in all points. He quitted the *Harmony*, took a boat for St John's, and from there a ship back to Europe.

The good Moravians were prone to embark on bold projects without adequate visible resources, trusting to God to provide the means as necessity arose. This simple faith was put to the test when it transpired that it was utterly impossible for the *Harmony* to provide stowage for the station materials in addition to the cargo of supplies which she distributed annually to the stations along the coast. To charter a vessel was very costly, and the means available were as good as exhausted. Bearing in mind the promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My Name I will grant their requests', Jannasch joined himself to two other respected members of the Order to find the needed assistance. His trust was well founded. A Mrs Potts, a well-to-do widow in the north of England, who had neglected her dying husband's admonition to use her wealth for the glory of God, suddenly awoke to a sense of her obligations. She met Jannasch in London and greeted him so cordially that he was emboldened to disclose his present embarrassment. Mrs Potts promptly undertook to pay the cost of chartering a vessel and to meet the further incidental expenses that were bound to occur. In 1896 Jannasch sailed west once more with his family on the *Harmony*, followed by the chartered ship, the Danish *Astrea*. The *Astrea* carried Mr Linklater (first mate of the *Harmony* and brother of her captain) to pilot her through the perils of a reef-strewn and ice-cumbered shoreline.

Leaving his family at Hopedale, Jannasch landed with his staff of helpers at Makkovik, where, after much delay, the *Astrea* also appeared. Being bound by no contract the Danish crew refused to help in unloading the ship, hoping thereby to delay her departure and prolong their term of employment. They were thwarted by a throng of fisherfolk and settlers who so exerted themselves to float timbers ashore with the flood-tide and drag them into place during the ebb that all was got ashore in shorter time than had been expected. Even then the season was so advanced that the dwelling house and school were barely made habitable before winter set in. The Brothers prayed fervently for fine weather, and the unconverted among their helpers noted with wonder that, while the offshore islets and even Mr Anderson's home near by were deluged with rain, warm dry weather prevailed on the station and the work went forward without interruption. Mr Linklater was much

Hermann Jannasch (here standing at left) built the schooner 'Agnes' with the help of two of his sons. The result was 'a sprightly yacht-like craft'.



The schooner 'Agnes' under full sail.

impressed and declared: 'Mr Jannasch, you know that I am a coarse mocker. How often have I laughed when you and your Brethren have been offering up prayer on the *Harmony* or at your station! And when at your last meeting you called your friends together to pray for a safe voyage and good weather I said to my brother the captain: "What does that idiot imagine that he can accomplish? We handle the ship, and the weather comes and goes as it will. The Devil take such pietists!" ' But the guidance which had diverted the expedition from Ailik to Makkovik and their seemingly miraculous exemption from the foul weather prevailing all around them melted the scepticism of the hardened old mate. 'I leave here a changed man, and shall be glad to return next year to the spot where I have witnessed such wonders.'

When the homeward-bound *Harmony* brought the Jannasch family down from Hopedale they found the house roofed and ready for habitation. The timbers of the church were stacked on a raised platform before the oncoming winter drove the workers indoors. Christmas was spent in joyous fashion with friendly Eskimos and settlers.

In the summer of 1897 the church was put up, and more extensive communication established with the scattered settlers of European stock. In the autumn a school was opened for the squatters' children who used the daytime classroom for sleeping quarters by night. The order of priorities suggested by the curriculum illustrates the practical good sense of the ardent evangelists who administered it: neatness and cleanliness, the use of soap and water, and practical

instruction supplemented by scholarly and religious teaching. The work of the teachers was exhausting and trying to the patience, but the elderly couple and their helpers were rewarded by the thanks and devotion of the scholars, and by the subsequent assurance that when the pupils returned to their parents in the spring they did much to improve and refine life in their lonely abodes.

Not satisfied with the good work thus done, Jannasch made long excursions by sledge to visit families too remote to benefit from the mission except on occasions of high festival. These tours extended as far as Hamilton Inlet and inflicted hardships on the zealous missionary for which his age no longer fitted him. Blizzards were a constant menace. He was sometimes held up on the road for days, causing much distress to his anxious wife. Once after riding breathless and gasping on the sledge in a furious gale he and his companions found shelter by burrowing into an old hut, abandoned and buried in a drift. On another occasion they came adrift on a loose floe and barely recovered the fast ice on the fiord shore.

During the summer Jannasch was equally zealous in carrying on his mission by boat up the fiords and out to the offshore islands. 'Among the outer islets lay Turnavik, a fishing station where Eskimo settlers and Newfoundlanders gathered in considerable numbers, and so my father made it a point to hold services there frequently in the open air or in an empty shed belonging to the station.

'One occasion he set out in the boat with his youths, Robert and Jann. The islets were already in sight and could be reached in two hours of rowing. Then the wind came up and quickly swelled into a gale. Great masses of ice came driving down on them. It was dark and now the three men had to fight for their lives all night against the fury of the elements. More than once the boat almost capsized. Towards morning the gale abated, and the exhausted boat crew came ashore at Turnavik about 9 a.m. Captain Bartlett, who had come in through the storm during the night, thought it a sheer miracle that the nutshell of a boat had weathered the gale, but did not conceal his opinion that such a voyage was too rash a reliance on God's mercy. Church services was postponed for a few hours while my father rested to get back his strength.'

To guard against such dangers in future and to broaden the area of his mission field Jannasch wished to secure a decked seaworthy craft of the type of the Newfoundland fishing schooner. As no funds were available to purchase such a vessel he resolved, with the help of Robert and Jann, to build one. The keel was laid on the beach; to it were attached stout boughs of a suitable shape, gleaned from the forest and shaped in the schoolroom, making the skeleton complete. When work was resumed in the following spring the curved planking of the hull presented the designer with a task for which his training had not fitted him. Here Robert, who had worked in a shipyard, was able to instruct him. A cauldron was set up in the woods near by to steam the planks and make them flexible; casual visitors to the station were drafted for the task of fitting them into place and securing them. Robert was initiated into the blacksmith's trade, and set to preparing ironwork gathered from wrecks along the coast, while Jannasch shaped blocks and rollers on the lathe. Captain Linklater provided brass and mahogany for the steering-gear. The finished ship had an overall length of 15 metres, with a mainmast 18 metres in height. The genius of the builder had produced 'a sprightly yacht-like craft' which proved to be a fast sailer, and, we may assume from her successful navigation of an intricate shoreline, also handy and manoeuvrable. In her cabin the missionary found a welcome change from the cramped and dirty guest-rooms of the area, and a quiet place for worship and meditation.

In 1899 Jannasch was called back to Nain to act as superintendent of the Labrador missions while the regular 'praeses' was attending conferences in Europe. He spent the period of his stay in repairing and improving the buildings of the settlement. Thence he returned to manage the station he had founded. Past fifty now and with greying head and beard, he became known in the settlers' homes and on the fishing boats by the kindly appellation of 'the old man from Makkovik'. 'No one relished that title more than my father, for he saw in it proof that he had won the hearts of his people.'

But in 1903 came the summons to quit the foreign field for religious duties in the homeland. The invitation to leave Labrador was just as unwelcome to Jannasch as had been the call to go there twenty-four years before. The hard-bitten voyager disliked the envy and rivalries which had little place in the strenuous life of the frontier, but flourished in the ease and leisure of more sophisticated societies. Yet he responded to the call. For many years he served as preacher and speaker on behalf of foreign missions in and around Stuttgart, and after official retirement continued as a volunteer worker in the service of the Order. He died in 1931.

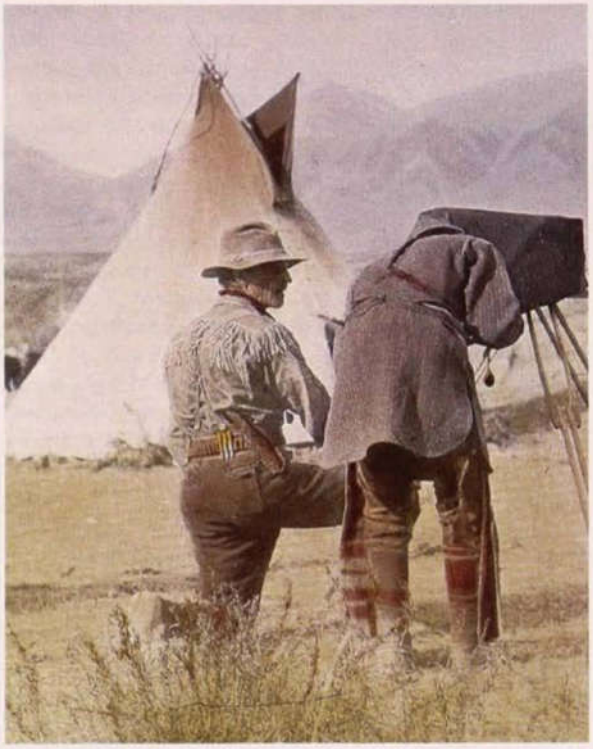
A worldly-minded person, reviewing the career of this sturdy, resolute and very gifted man, with his perennial energy and diversity of aptitudes, would be disposed to regret the narrow sphere which he chose for the exercise of powers which could not have failed to win him eminence in the world of industry or of theoretical science.

But to Hermann Jannasch, as to the prophet Daniel, was the promise given, 'Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' He did the work given to him to do: the outcome rests with Him Whom he served. ◆

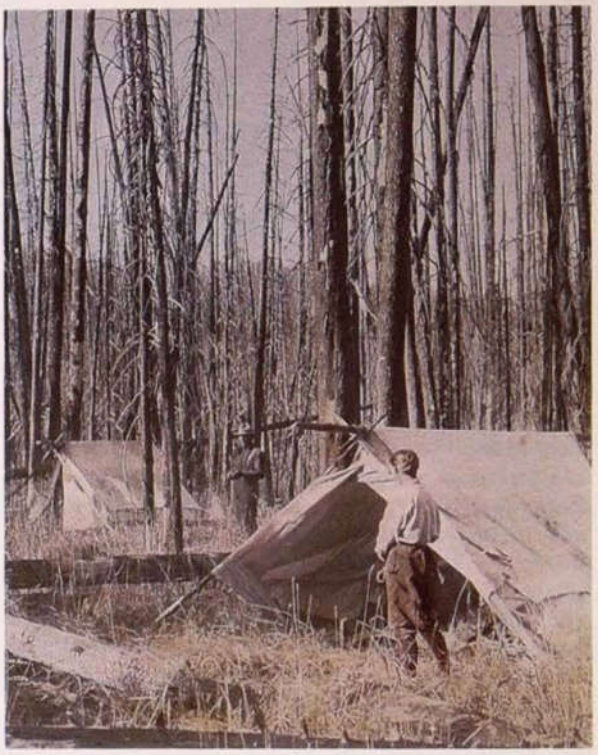
The Photographs and Travels of Mary Schaffer Warren

By Mark Roth

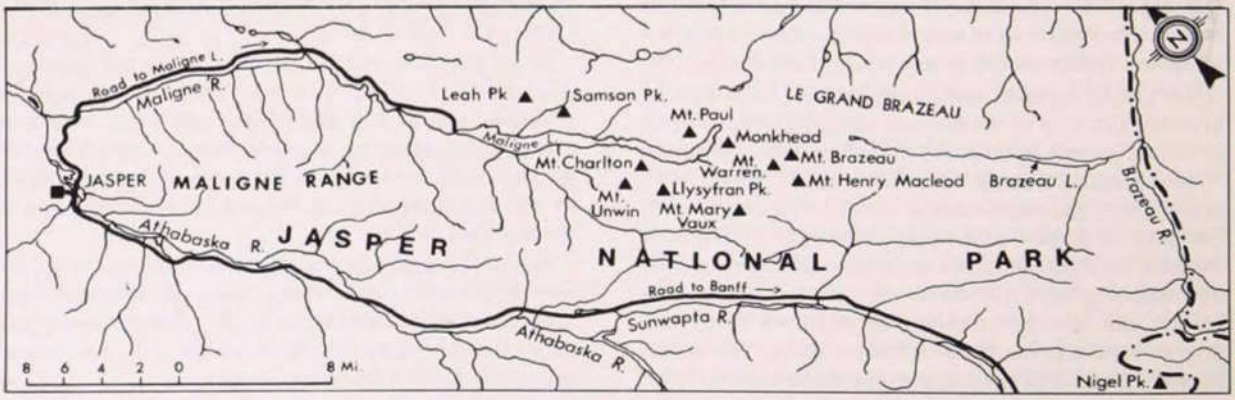
Author Roth of Canandaigua, N.Y., contributes travel articles on a regular basis to the 'Christian Science Monitor'. Illustrations, reproduced from lantern slides and hand tinted by Mary Schaffer, are published by permission of the Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff.



Heavy photographic equipment used by the Mary Schaffer expeditions following the turn of the century.



Mary and her party at 'Burnt Camp' on the north fork of the Saskatchewan River.



Elk graze beside open water — believed to be a part of the Vermilion Lakes.

IN 1888 MARY SCHAFFER, a Quaker girl of nineteen whose family name was Sharples, visited the Rockies with Mary Vaux of Philadelphia and her brothers, William and George Vaux. The men were keen geologists whose photographs are still useful to glacialists studying movement of the ice.

Around Glacier House in the Selkirk Mountains near the top of Rogers Pass, the women did some minor exploring on their own. They visited Nakimoo caves, a few miles west of Glacier House. Mary Vaux remembered that 'finally we found our way back to the light by the same slippery ladders we had descended and realized how impracticable such a trip would be for a woman's skirts, our climbing costume making it possible for us to accomplish our end . . . Our tent was pitched near the spot where Charles Deutchman [discoverer of the caves] had killed a large grizzly a short time before.'

At the age of twenty Mary married Dr Charles Schaffer, a Philadelphia doctor and serious amateur botanist. From 1889 until Dr Schaffer's death in 1903 Mary's annual trips to the Rockies were made with her husband. She hiked, rode horseback, and climbed, primarily to aid him by gathering botanical specimens. Of this time, she said 'I had been studying botany in a rather desultory way — a delicate girl, not staunch enough to attempt some of the "first climbs" of which I was hearing daily or to penetrate some of the "new" valleys of which others spoke, but satisfying myself in gathering wild flowers . . . and bringing them back to one to whom botany meant so much and who was in himself a true botanist.'

The first pony trip Mary Schaffer took had about it an element of farce. 'It was in 1893 that a party of nine decided to see for themselves a lake known as Louise. I have often wondered whoever had the bright idea to suggest that we go our own forty miles to Louise on the top of a box-car. But we were so eastern we simply revelled in it and the mountain scenery, taking very little note of the belching smoke and cinders forward.' Indian ponies were engaged for the trek from the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Laggan [now Lake Louise Station] to the lake. Mary bribed their owner, an Indian called William Twin, with a half-dollar to steer her to the most reliable steed. 'In a few moments we started on the Great Adventure. To stop and consider that day in the years so long gone, is funny. Those poor animals . . . had been dragged

Samson Beaver, who drew the map that directed 'Mountain Woman' to Maligne Lake, with his wife, Leah, and their child. Photographed by Mary Schaffer, 1907.

eighty miles for nine "tenderfeet" to ascend a moderate slope whose length was but three miles. When we reached our destination, I could have fallen off my horse with surprise, so suddenly had the great experience come to an end.'

At that time 'Lake Louise boasted no hotel at all — we slept in tents in '93, and from our door looked out upon that magnificent scene with chattering teeth and shivering bodies and vowed never again to camp in the Canadian Rockies. The promise, of course, was not kept.'

Pleasant summers in the Rockies might have alternated indefinitely with comfortable and sociable winters in Philadelphia had not Dr Schaffer died early in 1903 leaving Mary a widow at the age of thirty-four. The loss forced Mary to discover her own strength and potential. 'I had reached the point where I knew I must lay down the playing with botany and take it up in seriousness for I had touched the place where there was no longer the companion to help me in my work and I knew I must face the future alone . . . But work, and hard work at that, is a great panacea for the broken threads in life, and to come across a new and undescribed primula or anemone, was, in time, to feel a glow which helped life's path immeasurably.'

Eventually she completed her husband's work and published *The Alpine Flora of Canadian Rocky Mountains* to which she contributed photographs and water-colour drawings. 'I finished that botany, learned a little more about flowers from a scientist's view, learned considerably more about Indian ponies and learned a *great* deal more about people who lived three thousand miles from what I had always held sacred as civilization.' In a letter dated 1928, she added her more private feelings. 'No one may know that I went among those hills with a broken heart and only on the high places could I learn that I and mine were very close together.'

In the last years of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth, increasing numbers of tourists, mountaineers, and sightseers were transported by the railway and lodged at Canadian Pacific Railway hotels, which included Banff Springs, Mt Stephen House and Glacier House. Soon the region, within easy access by rail and including much of the area now within Banff and Yoho National Parks, began to seem crowded. With increasing longing Mary looked to the north and in time, she began the explorations in the northern Rockies for which she is known. But in 1906 she was still tentative.

She watched men like Walter Wilcox, Hugh Stuffield, Herman Woolley, Norman Collie, and A. P. Coleman depart for uncharted terrain, while she was left 'sitting on the railroad tracks following them with hungry eyes as they plunged into the distant hills; to listen just as hungrily to the camp-fire tales on their return, of all the wonders of the more northern Rockies.'

At last the limits of patience were reached; it was no longer possible 'to sit with folded hands and listen calmly to the stories of the hills we so longed to see, the hills which had lured and beckoned us for years before

this long list of men had ever set foot in the country. Then we [her companion on the 1907 and 1908 trips was Mollie Adams] looked into each other's eyes and said: "Why not? We can starve as well as they; the muskeg will be no softer for us than for them; the ground will be no harder to sleep upon: the waters no deeper to swim, nor the bath colder if we fall in." In spite of the protests of anxious relatives and friends, our plans were laid for a four-months' trip during the summer of 1907, and a vow made not to return till driven back by the snows.'

Mary and Mollie Adams set out to see many areas now in Banff and Jasper National Parks. Their guide was Billy Warren, assisted by Sidney Unwin; both worked from Banff but had been born and educated in England.

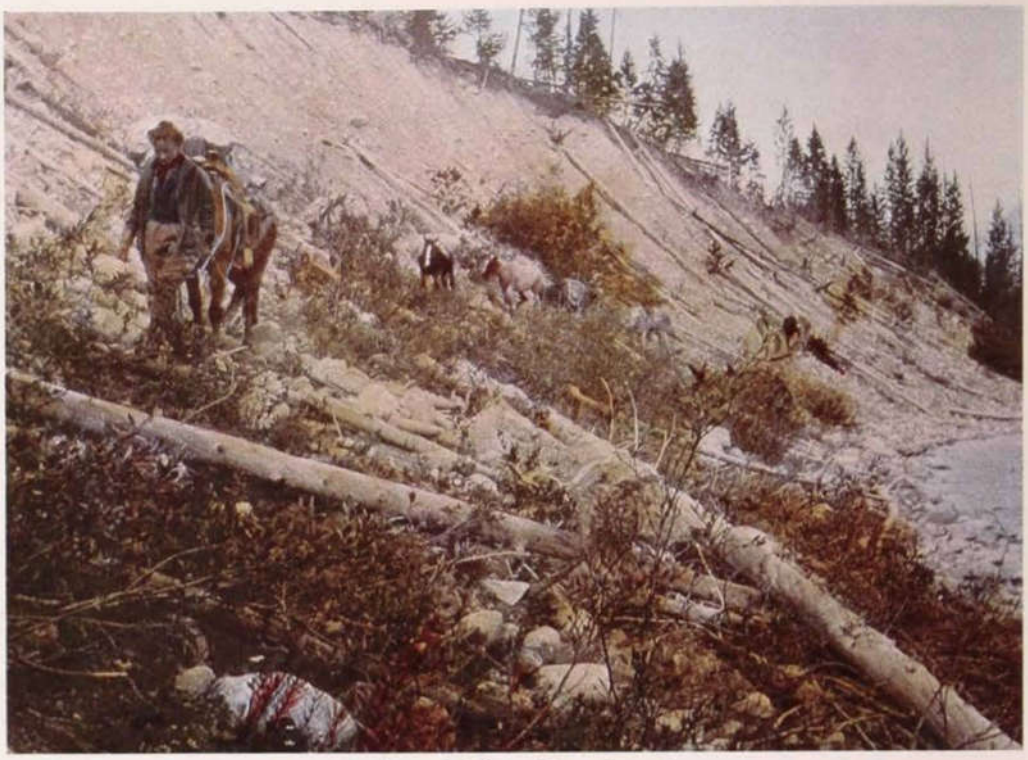
The party forded icy rivers, slogged through muskeg, climbed mountains, set up heavy photographic equipment, and devised and sewed makeshift mosquito nets. They tracked the Athabasca River to Fortress Lake and to Mt Columbia and the Columbia Glacier; they explored the Alexandra River, crossed Thompson Pass and viewed the Columbia Icefield from Mt Bryce. Then in the second week in September, they turned north-west over Nigel Pass to follow the Brazeau River to Brazeau Lake. From there they hoped to find Chaba Imne (Maligne Lake) which they had learned of from Jimmy Simpson, a friend of the Stoney Indians who had trapped beaver by its shores.

Snow immobilized the party at Brazeau Lake and progress was impeded by the almost impenetrable glacier-mantled mountains between Brazeau and Maligne Lakes. The return trip over Cataract Pass was miserable; horses slipped and starved and Mary was bruised and scratched by branches she could not see, for her eyes were snow-blinded and had to be bandaged.

They did not reach Maligne Lake that year but they carried a map sketching its supposed location back to Philadelphia. The map was drawn for *Yahe Weha* — Mountain Woman — as Mary was called by the Indians, by Samson Beaver. He drew from memory, for the beaver had been over-trapped at Maligne Lake and he had not been there for many years.

The primary goal of the 1908 expedition was to find Maligne Lake. However, it should be remembered that Mary, though strong-willed, was probably less monomaniacal than other explorers. She wanted to find the lake, yet she admitted that the search 'was a

A relaxed camp scene, probably taken in 1908. Mollie Adams, left, with Mary Schaffer, Billy Warren, and an unidentified man.



On the trail, followed by pack ponies.

Fording a stream across a log bridge. Deeper water was crossed by swimming horses.

good excuse to be in the open, to follow the trail for the simple love of following it. . . . To me the whole charm was always looking for what was to come ahead.'

On 8 June 1908 the party left Lake Louise and one month later they sighted Maligne Lake, hiking to it over a shoulder of Mount Unwin. It is easy to imagine the pleasure and excitement Maligne inspired in 1908 in the group who had struggled for a month to reach it. It is still captivatingly beautiful today to visitors who travel the easy paved road from Jasper in half an hour. Mollie noted that, looking south from the narrows, 'all in our little company agreed, was the finest view any of us had ever beheld in the Rockies.'

Many of the names around Maligne Lake were assigned by Mary Schaffer: Samson Peak, Samson Narrows, and Leah Peak to commemorate the wife of Samson Beaver, the Stoney Indian who drew the map to Maligne. Mt Paul is named for Mary's nephew, and Mt Mary Vaux for her friend and early companion in the Rockies. Her guides are remembered by Mts Warren and Unwin.

Later in the 1908 trip Mary's party trekked on to the Tête Jaune Cache for a view of Mt Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. There they joined some prospectors at dinner. 'Mary was very much dressed up' Mollie recorded 'and was carrying a clean pocket handkerchief never used before, of a bright lilac color,

Timber to build a raft was brought in to Maligne Lake by packer Jack Otto, 1911.

which was anything but harmonious with the red bandanna she wears around her neck.' One of the prospectors raised his glass and offered a toast. 'Here's to life of unnumbered summers in the mountains, with stars above by night, sunshine and soft winds, with the music of the waters at our banquet.' To which Mary added 'Civilization! How little it means when one has tasted the free life of the trail!'

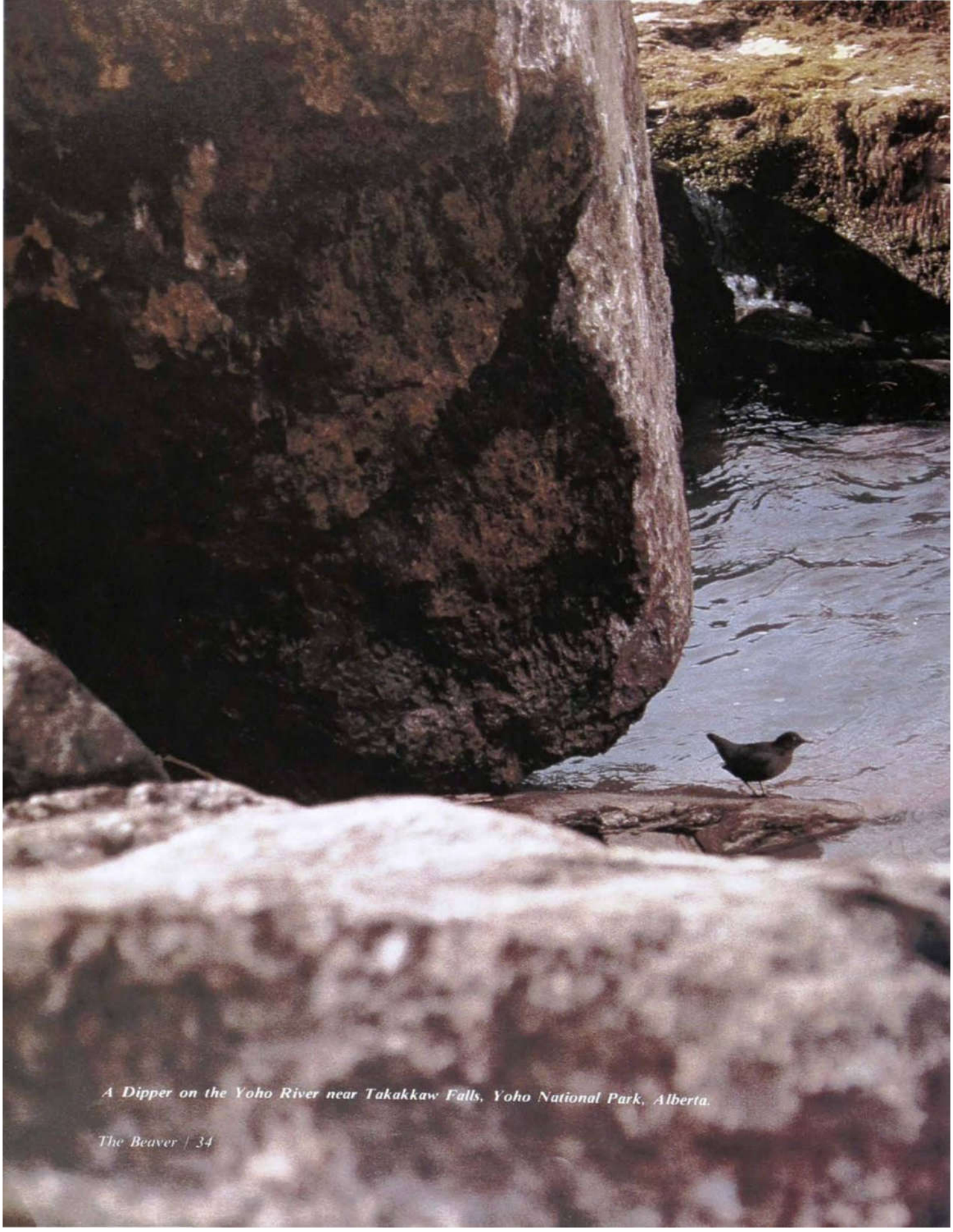
One more time Mary returned to Maligne Lake — in 1911, when access was by way of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from Edmonton. Her mission was to survey and map the lake for the government. Among her companions were her sister-in-law, Mrs Mary Sharples, and her nephew Paul. The 1911 trip gave a last glimpse of Mary in the wilderness of the Rockies.

If the land had changed little, and the weather not at all, Mary herself had altered greatly from the 'delicate girl' and the uncertain young widow with a 'wholesome horror' of Indian ponies. By 1911 she matter-of-factly recorded an incident such as this: 'Not more than eight feet away at the top of the bank, and sharpening his claws (as a cat does) on a spruce tree, was a marten. He turned to stare and . . . look me out of the place. I did not budge; this did not suit him; he spit at me like an angry family cat, and made a threatening move as though to come on and insist I get out of there. I said "You impertinent little rascal, clear out yourself, I am big enough to choke you".

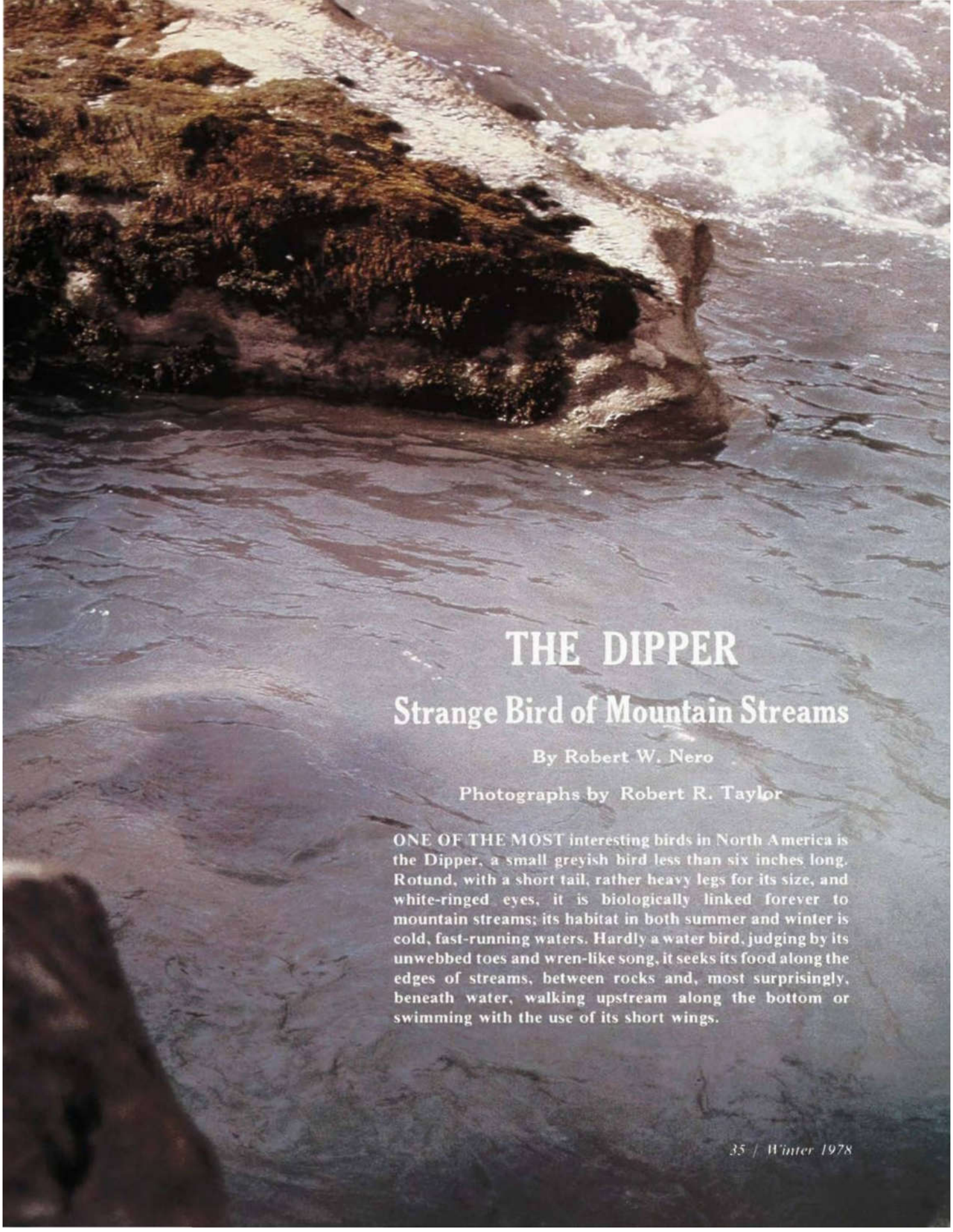
Most interesting perhaps was her description of a pioneer family whom she overtook in the Athabasca Valley:

'We rode up along side of the struggling team; I looked into the face of the woman; I shall probably never know who she was, we shall perhaps never meet again, but she was one of the universal sisters, her way was as stony as the hill she was climbing, and my heart went out to her. Her face was hard, weary, discouraged and hopeless. She hardly noticed us, unless in her inmost heart to compare her life with ours . . . Nodding to her, I called out, "I wish I could take you with me on my fresh little pony over this stony hill." The driven face lit into one of almost beauty, and she shyly said, "O thank you for that kind thought", then closing the window of brightness as quickly as she had opened it, her head went down, we rode on by, wishing it might have been in our power to do more than toss her a word, and for the rest of the day I thought of her, and of all the other women who had given up life and home to follow the fortune of their husbands into a new land where hardship stalked their heels, disappointment, death perhaps.'

In 1912 Mary Schaffer moved west, to settle permanently in Banff. Three years later, in 1915, she married her guide, Billy Warren; the house in which they lived still stands on Grizzly Street. ◆



A Dipper on the Yoho River near Takakkaw Falls, Yoho National Park, Alberta.



THE DIPPER

Strange Bird of Mountain Streams

By Robert W. Nero

Photographs by Robert R. Taylor

ONE OF THE MOST interesting birds in North America is the Dipper, a small greyish bird less than six inches long. Rotund, with a short tail, rather heavy legs for its size, and white-ringed eyes, it is biologically linked forever to mountain streams; its habitat in both summer and winter is cold, fast-running waters. Hardly a water bird, judging by its unwebbed toes and wren-like song, it seeks its food along the edges of streams, between rocks and, most surprisingly, beneath water, walking upstream along the bottom or swimming with the use of its short wings.

The American Dipper *(Cinclus mexicanus)* is a song-bird, a member of the feathered tribe known as *passeriformes,* the perching order of birds. In check-lists and bird books the Dipper is placed between the creepers and the wrens. Its constant habit of teetering, or dipping its body up and down by flexing its legs, gives it its name. Dippers can be found from the Aleutian Islands, down through the mountainous regions of Alaska, Yukon, Alberta, Montana, Idaho, through part of California, into Mexico and even as far south as Panama. In Canada it breeds in suitable habitat in the central and southern Yukon, throughout British Columbia (including the Queen Charlotte and Vancouver Islands), and south-western Alberta. It has been a casual fall and winter visitor as far east in Canada as the south slopes of the Cypress Hills in extreme south-western Saskatchewan. In 1963, following gale-force winds, a Dipper was seen north of the Cypress Hills in the town of Maple Creek, darting beneath cars.

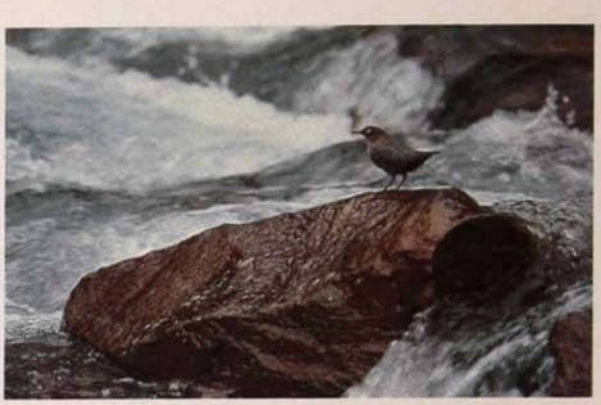
My first view of a Dipper was in Colorado when, in a large group of visiting ornithologists, I momentarily glimpsed a small, dark bird flitting along a stream in a heavily wooded canyon.

'Dipper!' someone shouted, and people hurriedly checked the bird off their lists. I never counted that sighting as much of a 'Dipper', but in October 1977, while on a short trip with friends near the Canadian border not far from Waterton, I became more closely acquainted with this small, energetic bird. The circumstances were particularly pleasant and I felt indebted to the naturalist who wrote in a park brochure that a certain nature trail which led to a waterfall and stream near the edge of a large lake, was 'a good place to expect Dippers'.

Considering that it was mid-October, that the high peaks all about us were snow-covered, that a highway leading to a pass we had to cross to get to the lake was closed because of snow, we were not too hopeful about reaching the trail. The next day, however, the pass was cleared and we drove up the highway, marvelling at the frosted trees high on the cliffs, at shining ribbons of water plunging down from the heights, and right beside us at times close enough to touch, impressive new formations of ice: icicles, lacy ribbons and sparkling draperies.

At the pass we stopped and floundered on foot along a trail through deep snow, wearing parkas, facing a stiff wind and a light snow that had formed curious inch-long, bladed shapes along one side of every branch and twig on the twisted, deformed conifers at tree-line here on the Continental Divide. But the sun was bright and at mid-day in the parking lot a boy took advantage of the snow-free macadam surface to run about with a skate-board, seemingly oblivious to the surrounding mountain landscape. One father and his two sons began a snowball fight in

Author Robert Nero, wildlife biologist with the Manitoba Department of Renewable Resources, and photographer Robert Taylor have collaborated on numerous wildlife articles and on a forthcoming book on the Great Gray Owl.

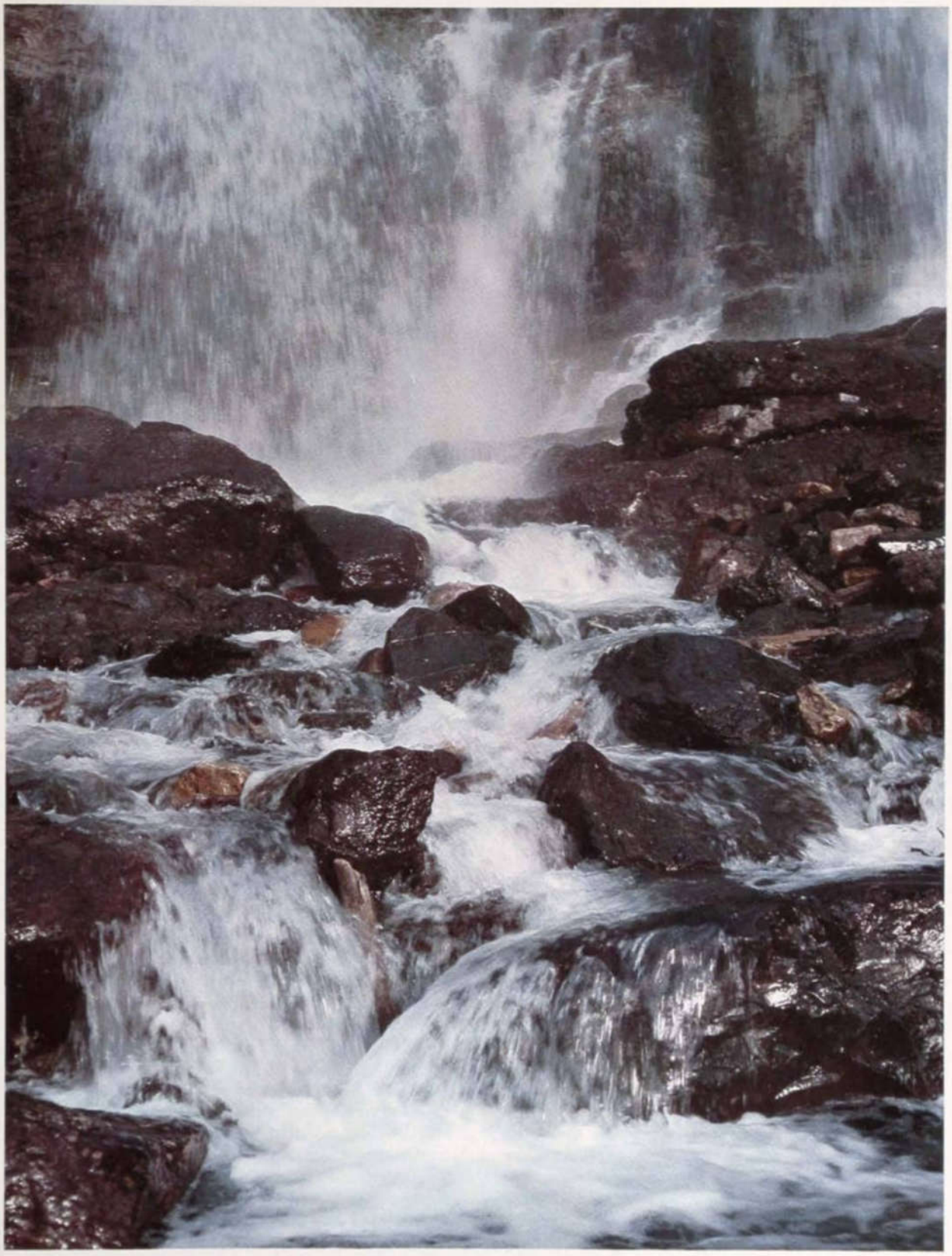


On the Athabasca River, Jasper National Park, Alberta.

the fresh, softening snow, and it was from that scene that we drove down from the pass. We soon passed from winter to autumn scenery and even saw green plants in profusion on some sunny slopes, but frequently there was running water in sight, coming down from the new snow on the upper levels.

It was late afternoon when the three of us left a small parking lot to descend a trail to what we were now calling the 'Dipper stream'. Before us, now and then seen though openings in the trees, lay the broad reach of a large lake, stretching for miles, dark and serene, mirroring the changing weather conditions. Around and about us, pines, cedars, and spruce crowded down the slope to the lake. We walked in single file, listening for the muted roar of the falls that would indicate one end of the trail, stopping when we had a good view of the lake to search in vain for grizzlies along the distant beaches and shoreline.

When we reached the falls, the trail was wet and the air was cool and damp, misty from the spray that arose from the noisy falling water. A damp blanket of moss covered the adjacent slopes and, where struck by sunlight, seemed to glow, giving off a bright, shimmering green light. We stood long, drawn to the sheer glory of constantly moving water, enjoying the play of light, the miniature rainbows that appeared and then disappeared with each light breeze. Though we saw no Dippers we relished the sight of clear water sweeping over rocks mainly of two primary colours, red and green, terms which hardly describe the beauty of the slabs, boulders and stones that lay beneath the water and all about us. The red was not so much red as cinnamon or magenta, the soft hue of old, weathered red bricks — and the green was pale silvery green, a sheen reminiscent of sage plants seen in different



A stream from Curator Mountain near Jasper, Alberta.

Fresh snow on a mountain top, Banff National Park.

lights. On the cliffs that towered above us we had noticed an immense band of red rock, hundreds of yards thick, iron-stained, ancient, cretaceous sea floor, contrasting sharply with the generally grey and green mass of other layers that reared upwards from the road-bed. Brought tumbling down by frost and gravity, by the force of falling water, these cliff remnants lay at our feet, a feast of colour and form.

Somewhat discouraged, having read that Dippers often build their small mossy nests close to waterfalls and even after the breeding season can be found in the vicinity, we decided to follow the stream along its length, still hoping to find our bird. Large boulder bars, gravel flats, small plateaus cut asunder, gave an indication of the increased force and amount of water plunging down this stream-bed in spring and early summer. We crossed a wooden bridge, hewn from logs, each of us finding his way separately, pushing through thickets and tumbled log heaps, seeking the elusive Dipper. I slid noisily down a gravelly slope with rounded, water-worn stones clattering beneath my feet; gingerly walked out onto a battered log swaying in the water and peered around a corner into a deep pool where yellow aspen leaves spun in eddies. My two companions, having made their way ahead of me by going directly to the lakeshore, urgently called my name. Quickly I climbed back up onto level ground and soon found myself on an open stony terrace beside the lake. And there was a Dipper! My friends had already made themselves comfortable and were watching the bird where it perched on, of all things, a plank bridging the shallow water at the stream mouth. I sat down and leaned against the trunk of a tree to inspect the bird, which was no more than twenty feet in front of us, studying it closely with binoculars, anxious to observe as much detail as possible before it flew away. But, to my delight, instead of fleeing, it began to feed, hopping lightly off the plank onto slippery rocks, walking along in the icy cold water as casually as a sandpiper in a pond.

Watching it at close range, my mind was trying to record its behaviour, trying to recall what I had read

about the habits of this curious creature. Although I remembered reading about its rapid eye-blinking, in which the third eyelid or nictitating membrane sweeps across the eye, the flashing of this opaque, whitish membrane was startling. The constant blinking which gives the bird a peculiar rakish air, like its teetering habit, bobbing the whole body, has no known function. Some ornithologists have suggested that it has a cryptic value, the eye and body movements helping to make the bird more obscure in an environment of sun and shadow and dancing lights where movement is the rule, and an unmoving bird might be more conspicuous and vulnerable. Whatever the purpose of the flashing eyelid, I liked it; it seemed as if the bird were trying to hold our attention.

Our Dipper ran in little spurts, darting about with quick movements, turning over golden leaves, prying about to left and right, darting its head forward to seize something — a snail? — then with a quick upward flip of its head, gulping down the morsel. We cheered the little bird on whenever it neared the water, applauding with smiles and laughter when it ran in right up to its breast to seize something on a twig, then saw it suddenly plunge its head beneath the surface. Momentarily, a small silver plume of shining water engulfed its forebody. A split second later it was back out, teetering, constantly dipping its short tail, flashing that white eye-patch as if to acknowledge its own daring feat. A brisk shake of its short wings sent out a little spray of water; then it stood still, slightly crouched, while we held our breaths, afraid it was about to depart.

Then it flew, a fast little flight that brought it even closer to us. It began to feed again, making quick forays into the water, ducking its head under, then popping out and onto a rock, turning over leaves, seeking the tiny invertebrate animals that gave it sustenance. Gradually it came closer to us, working its way upstream, and we could see that its dark grey, compact plumage remained dry. Suddenly it went completely under water, right out of sight! It was the moment we had been waiting for and we shouted with delight, but when it suddenly reappeared, we sat quiet and watchful. Gradually it made its way further upstream, occasionally darting into deeper water where it waded along, breasting the current that swelled up around its body, making its own little rapids as it hiked along. Its former name 'water ouzel' came to mind, and water ouzel it seemed, a name suggesting some animal other than a bird, a sort of feathered weasel, something that slips in and out of water more rapidly and readily than a bird said to emit long bursts of melodic song like some wren or thrush.

Several times more the Dipper plunged out of sight, each time emerging several inches upstream . . . it was an enchanting sight. The small stream tumbling over glistening stones became, in the presence and activity of the bird, the rushing, sparkling mountain stream so often described as its habitat. Though other birds migrate and escape the cold chill of winter and scarcity of food, the Dipper stays in mountainous regions. When long, cold periods freeze even fast streams in the upper reaches, it moves down to lower altitudes, but it is always drawn to the sight and sound of moving water: its home, its source of food, even at extreme sub-zero temperatures.

The Dipper, which had flown back to the stream mouth, stood on a stone outlined against the dark, placid lake. It had begun to snow, a light drift that seemed to be coming down from the tumultuous clouds boiling and streaming off the high peaks at the far end of the lake. The sun, just below the distant rim, produced a bright white glow, a corona along the whole length of the rugged ridge, a dramatic lighting effect that shifted moment by moment as the clouds continued to resolve their quarrel with the highest peaks. On the steep slopes opposite us, across the lake, the spruce trees appeared almost black, but the lake rippled and reflected long silver streamers of light where wind and snow touched its surface. The mountain and lake scene was a large backdrop against which to measure a Dipper, but they seemed to go together well, a perfect setting.

My mind roamed from the Dipper to the mountain landscape and back again. One moment I watched the distant clouds streaming off the lofty peaks, felt swayed by the great heights and powerful forces at play where rock and sky came together; then suddenly my thoughts were back to my immediate surroundings: my silent companions, and especially the small bird perched on a stone in the stream. I could hardly comprehend the vastness of the mountains, but the bird at my feet was alive, close and real, more compelling in its quick movements, and I felt some kinship with it that I could not feel for the mountain walls and cold lake.

Suddenly, across that vast silver and black mirror, came buzzing a second Dipper! With a soft 'brrt' call it swung in to land in the shallow water on the edge of the lake, close to the first bird. Because they are mostly solitary birds except during the breeding season, the presence of two Dippers was a rare sight. If we expected to see some interaction, we were disappointed. Both birds waded about, at times breast deep in water, occasionally reaching down to pick up some morsel, but the birds were seemingly unresponsive to each other. It was a good time to leave. We were cold and a little stiff for we had been watching for more than forty minutes. Fully satisfied with our experience, we slowly got to our feet and backed away, taking a final long look at the birds before we withdrew from the shining stones and rushing water of the Dipper stream. ◆

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'Carte contenant Les Nouvelles De couvertes De L'ouest En Canada . . . 1740', Service Historique de la Marine, Paris. Despite its errors and crudities this manuscript map is an impressive reminder of the exploits of La Vérendrye and his sons. The most obvious error on the map, which is best viewed along its north-south line, is the foreshortening of the distance between Hudson Bay and Lake Winnipeg, with only a short water-carriage indicated between the lake and the 'Fort Anglais' at York. For almost the first time on map the Saskatchewan River (R. Blanche) appears, shown here flowing into the northern end of Lake Winnipeg (Lac Bourbon). To the west the curious crescent-shaped 'Lac des prairies' is an attempt to represent Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis. The Assiniboine (Assiliboille) is correctly shown joining the Red River before flowing into Lake Winnipeg. A feature of the map is the marking of the French posts, from Kaministiquia on Lake Superior to La Reine on the Assiniboine and 'Paskoyac' (Basquia or The Pas) on the Saskatchewan; the appearance of the latter indicates that the map was completed after 1740.

Henday almost certainly was the first white man to see the Canadian Rockies. This view of the mountains is from Carstairs, Alberta, the point farthest west reached by Henday on his journey. Photograph by John Kabatoff, Coral Studios, Calgary.

The Puzzle of Anthony Henday's Journal, 1754-55

By Glyndwr Williams

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I

SOME YEARS AGO I reflected in the pages of this periodical (*The Beaver*, Autumn 1970) that 'It is one of the ironies of the history of the Canadian West that the journals of some of its most significant explorers — Radisson, Kelsey, La France, Pond — present ineluctable problems of reliability and even authenticity'. To that list I added the journal of Anthony Henday's inland venture of 1754-55 for the Hudson's Bay Company during which he reached the prairies and almost certainly became the first white man to see the Canadian Rockies. Further study of the variant versions of this particular document suggests that they offer even more perplexing difficulties than the journals of the explorers first mentioned, difficulties not fully appreciated by the distinguished historians who have spent much time and effort trying to determine where Henday went and what he accomplished. To be blunt, Henday's journal has never been scrutinized with the care which it merits, and as a result misconceptions and misinterpretations surround his discoveries.

Of the historians who have examined Henday's journey in most detail, and whose work has laid the foundations for our understanding of the expedition, none has got the number of variant versions correct. L. J. Burpee, A. S. Morton, Clifford Wilson, James G. MacGregor and E. E. Rich have all assumed that there are three or fewer, whereas in fact there are four. On the vexed issue of which is the 'official' or the most reliable version, confusion abounds; and, more to the point, not one of these five authorities has really faced the problem that no single version is simply a copy of another, and that between the journal known to have been sent to the London Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1755 and those others in existence there are serious discrepancies and, in places, downright contradictions.

The four known versions of Henday's journal are all in the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Winnipeg, classified as follows: B.239/a/40, fos.1-45, the version sent to London from York Factory in 1755 after Henday's return; E.2/4, fos.35-60, included in a volume of Andrew Graham's 'Observations' dated 1768-9; E.2/6, fos.10d.-38d., included in another volume of Graham's 'Observations' dated 1767-9; and finally E.2/11, fos.1-40d., included in a volume of the 'Observations' whose date of compilation is uncertain, since although it includes references to events as late as 1791, internal evidence suggests that most of the volume and its companion volume E.2/12 were written before 1782, but probably not long before. There is no doubt, however, that this version, which is the only one in print (in its 1907 edition by Burpee) and has therefore been used as the standard account by many historians, is considerably later than any of the others. For the sake of brevity, the four versions will be referred to hereafter in the order listed above, which is also the approximate chronological order of writing, as A, B, C and D.

The background to Henday's journey can be quickly sketched. At York Factory, James Isham had long been worried about the steady westward movement of the French in the hinterland of the Company posts. In the 1730s and 1740s, the Sieur de la Vérendrye and his sons had thrust beyond the St Lawrence and the Great Lakes far to the west, past Lake Winnipeg and on to the Lower Saskatchewan. This was a region no Englishman except perhaps Henry Kelsey had ever seen, but it was of fundamental importance to the Company's trade for, as the younger Chevalier de la Vérendrye pointed out, it was 'the rendezvous every spring of the Crees of the Mountains, Prairies and Rivers to deliberate as to what they shall do — go and trade with the French or with the English'. In about 1748 he had established a post at The Pas (Fort Paskoyac), and by 1753 there was at least one post, Fort La Corne, farther upriver near the Forks of the Saskatchewan. These posts lay across the traditional

canoe routes along which the Indians of the interior brought their furs down to Hudson Bay, and the Company factory most seriously affected was York, where Isham had often complained about the Company's lethargy in exploring the interior. As early as 1743 he had written, 'what is the most Concer'n is to see us sitt quiet & unconcern'd while the French as an old saying, not only Beats the Bush but runs away with the Hair also.' But over and above his suggestions to the London Committee for a more determined effort to keep the interior Indians loyal to their established trade connections at the Bay posts, Isham had a more ambitious project in mind. Deep in the interior, perhaps nearer the Spanish settlements than the English, Isham had heard of Indians 'with great plenty of the best and finest of fur's', and had actually met and questioned one of these distant 'Earchethinues' or 'Archithinues', a slave brought in by the Plains Cree. For the first time the Hudson's Bay men were in contact with the Blackfeet of the prairies, and Isham was eager to follow up the information he had recently obtained:

> itt was not unpossable, if peace was Concluded betw'n them and other Nations, by which was the English to Per'u up the Country, that way, as the french has Done otherway's, I can not think but itt wou'd turn to Great advantage to our Merchants or of England, their has been and is Still men that wou'd untertake such a Land Voyage with good Encouragem't Either to bring them to the English forts to trade; or to give such a Discription of the Country that a Setlement might be made their . . . I can see no Difficulty why itt shou'd not, the method Lying so plain and op'n to be Done; — 2 men is Suffitient for such an untertaking that is to go with some trusty So. Indian, in the fall or Summer, to the Earchithinue Country, taking with them some trifles to give to the Natives . . . using them Civily, with promise of many such fine Goods &c. if they will come with them to the fort to trade, with a Great many more of such Like Inducements that is requir'd in Such casses, by which I do not Doubt but the trade that might be gain'd by that Country wou'd be Equivolent with York fort trade in a Small time. . . .

Here, in 1743, was the genesis of Henday's journey, and although the Committee showed no interest at the time in Isham's proposals, buried as they were in a volume of manuscript 'Observations', when in the early 1750s the factor renewed his suggestion for a venture to the interior he found his London superiors in a more responsive mood. In the long drawn-out battle with Arthur Dobbs and his associates which culminated in the Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry of 1749, the Company was embarrassed by allegations that outsiders knew more about the geography of the Bay than its own officers. In 1750 it wrote to Isham's temporary replacement at York, rather petulantly considering its earlier attitude — 'it is surprising to us that none of our Factors or Servants have had the Curiosity of Informing themselves thereof especially of places not far from York Fort.' The year 1750 saw a marked decline in York's trade, and when Isham returned from leave he once more took up the notion of an inland expedition. In 1752 he pointed out to the London Committee that 'if a proper Person were sent a great way up into the Country with presents to the Indians it may be a means of drawing down many of the Natives to Trade', and this time the Committee agreed. It may not be altogether a coincidence that in the same year Dobbs and Joseph Robson had published a virulent attack on the Company in the form of Robson's memoirs of his experiences in the Company's employ, *An Account of Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay*. The book's most quotable accusation was that 'The Company have for eighty years slept at the edge of a frozen sea'; but there was also circumstantial detail in the book bearing very closely on the problem worrying Isham. Robson wrote:

> It is universally believed among the servants, that the French travel many hundreds of miles over land from Canada to the heads of our rivers in the Bay, and that they have erected huts and settled a considerable factory upon a lake at the head of Nelson-river; trading with the natives for the lightest and most valuable furs, which they carry a long way before they find a conveyance by water . . . These people formerly would have been glad to have had the English accompany them up the rivers; and were once very solicitous to engage us to go up, that we might head them against the French Indians; but they are now very easy and silent upon that subject; the French by kind offices and a liberality in dealing, which we think of no consequence have obtained so much influence over almost all the natives, that many of them are actually turned factors for the French at our settlements for heavy goods.

It is known that members of the London Committee and Company officers at York read Robson's book, and its publication may well have increased the pressure on the Company to send reconnaissance expeditions inland. The Committee replied to Isham in 1753 approving his project, and continued, 'if you have any Person at your Factory whom you think proper for that purpose and will undertake it you may assure him we will sufficiently reward him for any Service he may do the Company for such a Journey.' Anthony Henday, who had been at York since 1750 in the lowest category in the Company's employ, labourer and net-maker, volunteered; and to gain some experience of river travel and competence in

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'Carte Physique des Terreins les plus élevés de la Partie Occidentale du Canada', by Philippe Buache, Paris, 1754. This map, published in the year when Henday set out from York inland, shows some of the misconceptions of the northern interior. Although the region between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay is better proportioned than on the earlier French manuscript map (p. 40), the Nelson river-communication with York is marked as flowing not from the Lake Winnipeg basin but from a large lake hundreds of miles to the north. Not far west of Lake Winnipeg the Saskatchewan (R.dePoskoyac) is shown flowing from a chain of mountains on whose far side lies the much-sought 'Mer de l'Ouest'.

measuring distances, spent February and March 1754 on the Hayes and Nelson Rivers as far up as Split Lake. In June 1754 he was ready for the greater venture, to accompany the trading Cree Indians of the interior as they returned to the plains from their annual visit to York, and there to meet and persuade to come down to the Bay with their furs the mysterious 'Archithinues' Indians. By now these Indians, the Blackfeet of the northern plains, loomed large in Isham's thinking; in 1752 he had explained away the embarrassing surplus of trade goods he had accumulated at York by reminding the London Committee that he had anticipated that the Archithinues would have come down to trade by then. And beyond them shimmered an even more tantalizing vision, for Henday was to 'Observe when you . . . draw near to the Earchethinues country, whether the great Lake is a Lake or not, or whether it is an open Sea, as I have been Inform'd by Several it is a Sea where Ships are seen to pass by; be particular in comming at the truth of this, which is a material point.' Both French and English fur traders were half-convinced that somewhere to the west, and perhaps not too far distant, lay the shores either of the Pacific or of an inland 'Mer de l'Ouest'. One of the earliest references in the Company records to the Archithinues came in a letter from Richard Norton at Churchill in 1738 when he referred to 'the Atchue-thinnies, a people bordering near the Western Ocean who are great enemies to our inland trading Indians'. Further evidence of the foreshortening of western geography common at the time came in Isham's hope that Henday might reach the Archithinue Indians and get back to York the same fall. The factor sent Henday on his way with explicit instructions: — 'You having a compass, hand Line paper &c. &c, along with you, therefore be Very Exact in Keeping a Journal of your travels and observations Daily . . . mind to Remark Down Everything that occurs to your View Daily.'

II

From the Company's viewpoint the three most important episodes in Henday's year-long travels were his first contact with the French posts on the lower Saskatchewan as he moved inland in July 1754, his negotiations with the Archithinue Indians of the prairies in October 1754, and his renewed contact with the French in late May and early June 1755 on his way back to York. In all three instances, journal A (the one sent home to the London Committee in 1755) differs fundamentally from the other three. (To bring out this difference journal A entries are set in italic type). A relates the first meeting with the French on 22 July at Fort Paskoyac as follows:

this day padles 14 Miles up ye River when we came to the french factory on my arrival, two french men came out, when followed a great deal of Bowing and Scraping between us, and then we Entered their fort (or more properly a Hogstye) for in short it is no Better, they have neither victuals nor drink, Except a Little Ruhigan, they are very Lazey, not one stick of wood anigh their house; they asked me where the Letter was, I told them I had no Letter, nor did not see any Reason for one, but that the Country belonged to us as much as them; he made answer it did not, and that he would detain me there, and send me home to france, I told him I knew france as well as he did, and was not afraid to go their more then himself, which made Monsieur a Little cooler.

There is an unmistakably contemptuous, derisory tone about this entry which is lacking from the entries for that day in B, C and D. That in C is typical:

> on my arrival two Frenchmen came out and in a very Genteel manner invited me into their house, which I readily accepted; one of them asked me if I had any letter from my Master, and where and upon what design I was going inland; I made answer I had no letter, and that I was sent to view the Country, and was designed to return in the spring; he told me the Master and Men were gone down with the Furs, and that He must stop me until his return; however they were very kind and at night I went to my tent and told the leader that had the charge of me, who only laugh'd and said they Dar'd not: I sent them 2 feet of Brazile Tobacco.

Here Henday appears uncertain, even frightened, and needing reassurance from his Indian companion, identified in D as Attickasish or Little Deer. The role of this Indian tends to change between journals: in C (for 21 September) he is again described as 'one of the Leaders who has the Charge of me', in D (for 22 September) less respectfully as 'my guide'. There is clearly a difference of mood, but not necessarily a clash of factual information, in these entries. But the entries for 31 July and 4 August in which Henday and his Cree companions met Assiniboine Indians have just such a clash, between A and C on the one hand, and B and D on the other. The four entries for 31 July run as follows:

A: *this day came to us ten tents of Senipoets, I went and smoakt with them, they all promised to go with me to the fort next Spring.*

B: came to 10 tents of Aseenepoet Indians; being now entered their country, I went and smoaked and talked with them to go with me to the fort in the summer, but they answered, we are more conveniently supplyed from the french houses, I said that the french gave them little for their furs, but all I said signified nothing, I found them strongly attached to the french Interest.

C: came to 10 tents of Assinepoet Indians; I went and smoaked with them; they promised to get furs and go with me to the Fort in the spring.

D: came to two [sic] tents of Asinepoet Indians. I smoaked with them, and talked with them to go down with me to York Fort in the summer, but they answered "We are conveniently supplyed from the Paqua-Mistqushewuck Whiskenhegi-wish". that is the Frenchmens House of trade.

A similar contradiction occurs in the 4 August entries where A (followed by C) has *'there came to us seven tents more of Esinipoets, I went to their tents and smoakt with them, they all in Gen! promised, to go to the fort in ye spring of ye year'*, and D (and also B) the direct opposite: 'I smoaked with them; but have no hopes of getting them to the Fort: as what Cloth &c they had were french and, by their behaviour, I perceived they were strongly attached to the French Interest.' The next month, as Henday and his companions pushed westward across the prairies, another meeting with Assiniboine Indians produced a pessimistic entry for 20 September in B which is not repeated in any of the other versions: 'I smoaked with them and have done all in my power to get them to visit our forts, but I am afraid to little purpose, they living in this plentyfull country; and can well do without any Europian support, but their chief objection is the long distance.'

On the personal side the most noticeable difference between journal A and the other versions for the early months of the journey is that although generally it is more laconic and lacks the detail often supplied in B, C, and (especially) D, every now and then it shows Henday in a rather more prominent light than the others. For example, on 26 September A records: *'I went a hunting and killed a fine Large Moose, and when ye Indians came to me they were overjoyed, that I should kill a Moose, and no body with me, for they do not go far without 2 togeather.'* The other versions simply say — and the effect is very different — 'I killed a moose and the Indians a great many.' Later in the year journal A records Henday playing a more obtrusive role in an incident involving a bear than the other versions:

> *this day a Large Bear had like to have killed me and ye Ind^{n} man and I went to ye Hutt (ie) and Laid some great sticks before, so that he should not get out in a hurry but he came out (just as I was Going to lay down my Stick) in a great fury, the Ind^{n} ran of Like a Lusty fellow, and Left me with my Bow and arrows, to get of as well as I cowld . . . (ie) he means ye Bears den or hole where he Lyes.*

Journal B tells the story more flatly:

one young man norrowly escaped losing his life by a grizzle bear that he had wounded, but by throwing from him his beaver coat which the bear tore to pieces, he got clear off, this they always do when closs pursued by it or any other enraged wounded animal; the men went afterwards and killed him.

Throughout the fall of 1754 Henday was anxious for news of the Archithinue Indians; he met his first ones, on horseback, at the end of September, and on 14 October came at last to the main Archithinue camp not far from present-day Red Deer, Alberta. The encounter between the lone European and the majestic ranks of the horsed Blackfoot is a celebrated one in Canadian history. It has been told and retold many times, drawn and painted with imaginative zeal, but rarely examined in an effort to determine what actually happened during this first contact. Journal A records the initial meeting between Henday and the Archithinue chieftain in curt fashion:

we mett the Earchithinue men on horse back 40 in number they were out on a Scout from the main body, to see if we were Enemies, when they found us friends, Attickasish, Connawappa, and 2 more of our Leaders marched att the front about 4 Mile, where upon the top of a Hill I seed 200 tents, where they were pitched in 2 Rows, and an opening Right through the middle, and att ye farther End of the Street, their was a Large tent pitcht in front, where all the old Men were seated and their King in the middle, and in the middle of the ten[t] was full of fatt Buffaloes flesh, and after that we had all smoakt round, Every flag had a Side of meat, and ye rest was Served all round amongst ye Ind[n] *men, and I had satt before me 20 Broild tongues, then we Returned to our tent . . .*

There is no mention of any discussions with the Archithinue about trade prospects; the other versions, by contrast, brim over with a detailed and gloomy account of Henday's negotiations:

B: smoaking being over, buffaloes flesh boiled were handed round in willow baskets, and I was presented with 10 buffaloes tongues; Attickosish then informed him that I was sent by the great leader who lives down at the great water to him with the pipe of friendship and other presents, and by his permission to invite down his young men with beaver skins &c, and that they would get in return guns, powder, shot, cloth and tobacco &c; he made little answer, only said, that it was far off, and they could not paddle in canoes, then we entered on indifferent subjects untill we were ordered to depart to our tents, which in the interim our women had pitched about a quarter of a mile from them.

The next day, 15 October, journal A has a short and relatively uninformative entry, and omits any reference to the second round of discussions between Henday and the Archithinue chieftain which all the other versions insist took place. Instead, it reserves its comments on trade prospects for the 16 October entry, a day when the other three versions simply report a farewell ceremony at which the chief presented Henday and his accompanying group of Indians with two slave girls. Journal A lacks any mention of the slave girls, and describes the meeting as follows:

this day we pitcht a Large tent, and smoaked and gave all ye goods, as farr as they would hold out there were not one tenth part enough so I gave Every Leader a Knive and Steel, and the Rest a few Beads, awles, paint, Needle and Rings, as far as they would go, they were all very well pleased, and Every Man gave a side of meat, which I delivered amongst the Ind[s] *for they never keep much before hand, the Earchithinues say they will go with me to ye fort and see ye Gov*[r] *I informed them as well as I could to kill* [beaver] *and foxes, and save them which they promise very fair so to do they are mad for guns, Knives, Hatchets &c*[a] *and have told them there is great plenty of all sorts of goods att the fort.*

This contradiction is the major one, but the entries for the next day, 17 October, are reproduced here to show the other inconsistencies which thrust themselves forward on page after page of the four versions:

HBC Collection

'Henday enters a Blackfoot Camp, 1754.' From a painting by Franklin Arbuckle. The main Archithinue camp was not far from present-day Red Deer, Alberta.

A: *this day we expect Ind*^{s} *so we travelled None.*

B: 320 tents of Archithinues unpitched and went westward, 17 tents of Aseenepoets went northward, and we went S.W.B.S. 9 miles.

C: 230 tents of Archithinue Indians unpitched and went to the southward, and 17 Tents of Asinepoets unpitched and went to the Northward, and we unpitched and went SWBS 9 miles.

D: 322 tents of Archithinue Natives unpitched, and moved Westward; 17 tents of Asinepoet Natives moved Northwards; and we moved SWbW 9 Miles.

By December Henday's group of Cree had dwindled to eleven — two men, five women and four children. One of the women was his companion, his 'bedfellow', who now begins to emerge as a personality in her own right, advising and informing a puzzled Henday about the complex trade system which involved the Cree, Assiniboine and Archithinue. For some time Henday's entries record his bewilderment and resentment that his Cree companions were not interested in trapping, even though for much of the winter they were in good beaver country. Matters came to a head just after Christmas, as described most fully in journal B:

> Indians killing moose and waskesews, but very few beaver although they are numerous, as are also wolves and foxes, but not one trap have they put up yet; my bedfellow informs me that they were angry with me for speaking so much about traping, and advised me to say no more to them about it, for they would get more wolves and beaver &c. from the Archithinues and Aseenepoets than they could carry; I asked her when we would see them again, and if they brought the goods every year from them, she said that the Indians that traded at York Fort were supplyed by them and that we should see them in the spring, but she begged of me to take no notice; otherwise they would kill her; so for ye woman's sake shall take no notice but be quiet.

Most Henday commentators have pointed out that the 'bedfellow' does not figure in journal A, the version sent home to the London Committee in 1755, and have speculated that this version was expurgated because of the Committee's known disapproval of sexual liaisons between its servants and Indian women. Much more important than this delicate censorship is that the journal omits information of commercial significance. On 2 February, for example, A has:

> *all hands Employed making Sledges, I made 2 Steels, when they Liked them so well, that I could have got good Custom, but I do not Like so much, for they think I do nothing but strive to please the women, which is ye Chiefest thing that will Encourage the Ind*^{s} *to come to trade.*

The other versions show that in fact the steels were specifically for a Cree Indian in the French interest named Wapenessew. Journal C has the most informative entry:

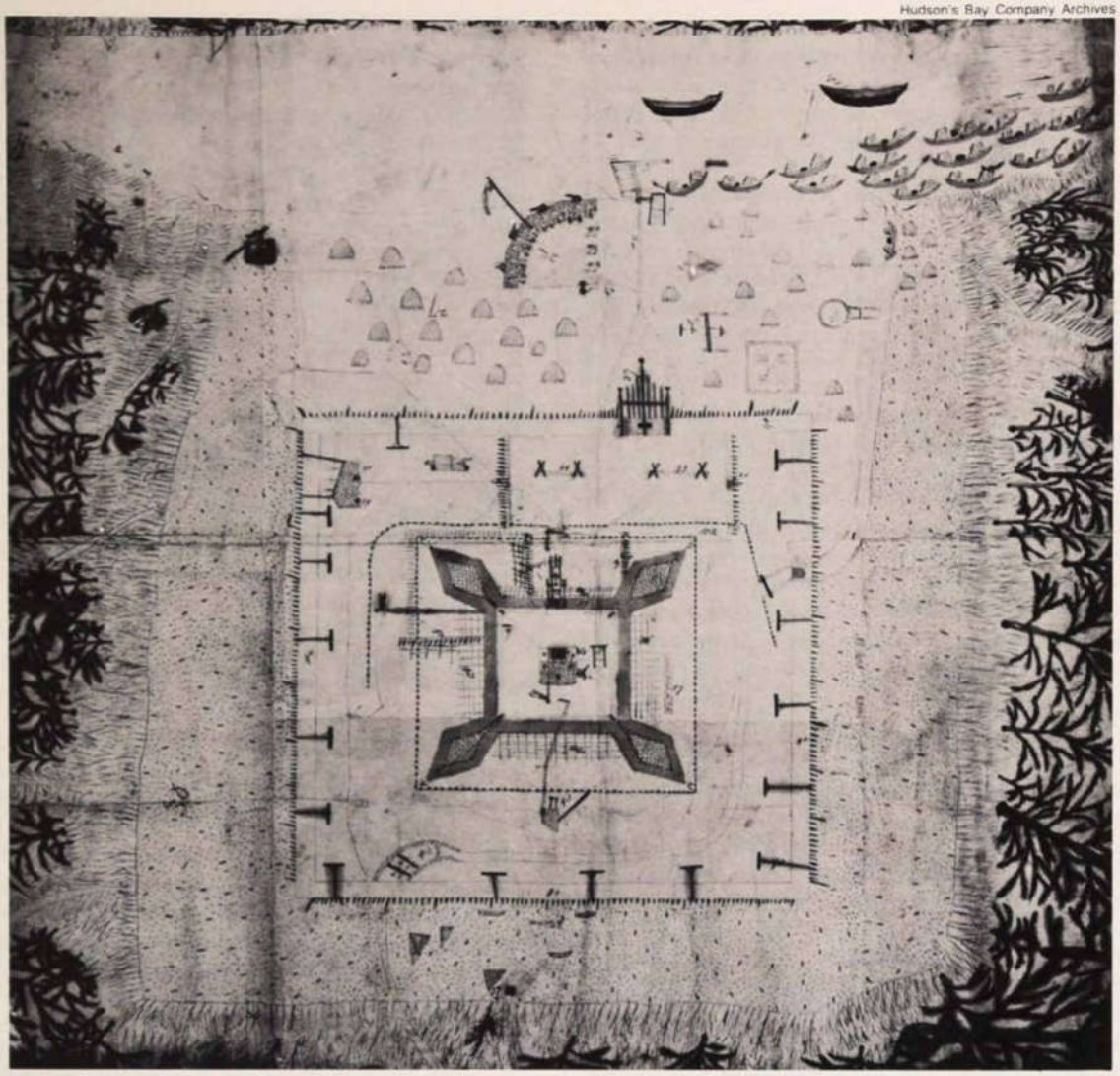
> I made two fire steels out of an old file, for a French Leader, who promises to go with me to the Fort, he is a jolly, stout, good natured Man, and carrys a great command amongst the Natives; my Bedfellow (who slyly gives me information) informs me He Commands 20 Canoes, and is much taken notice of by the French.

In the spring Henday moved back to the North Saskatchewan River where he was joined by increasing numbers of Cree who busied themselves building canoes, trading furs from the Assiniboine, and generally getting ready for their journey down to the French or English posts. On 12 May the first of the Blackfoot Indians whom Henday had encountered the previous October arrived. Journal A noted: *'came to us the Earchithinues, 100 tents, and all in a starving Condition they called me to their tents, but they have Little or no Victuals, and they told me that in 2 or 3 days time that we should have plenty of provisions.'* The other versions, almost inevitably, give a quite different impression, for example journal C: 'came to 100 tents of Archithinues, the Leader invited me to the tent and gave me plenty of Buffalows flesh; Indians traded with them their old hatchets &c, for above 500 Wolves; I could not perswade them to go to the Fort.'

On 15 May the Blackfeet moved across the river to Henday's campsite, and trade discussions began in earnest. Journal A reported: *'the Earchithinues told Me they would go and See the Gov*^{r}*, and I told them he would give them powder, Shott &c, which they mightily admired att, they are 127 tents of them.'* In bleak contrast the other three versions noted:

B: 127 tents of Archithinues came to us, I bought 30 wolves skins from them, and the trading Indians bought a great many skins of sorts, which proves what my bedfellow formerly told me concerning the traders geting the most part of their furs from the Archithinue and Aseenepoet Indians, they told me I would soon see the leader and gang of their countrymen that I was with in the fall in the muscuty country; I did my endeavour to get some of them down to the fort but all in vain, and altho' the traders promised to the chief of York Fort to talk to them strongly on that subject they scarcely opened their mouths, and have great reason to think they are rather a stoppage; for if the Archithinues and Aseenepoets could be brought down to trade, the others then would be obliged to trap their own furs, which at present two thirds of them does not.

Hudson's Bay Company Archives



A sketch of York Fort by James Isham c.1750, showing on the right-hand side a flotilla of Indian canoes coming down the Hayes River to the fort. An interesting detail is that the eleventh canoe in line appears to carry a European.

The same contradiction occurs in the entries for 16 May. Again, the entries from journal A and journal B speak for themselves:

A: *the Leader came and took me to their tents, where there was dancing, drumming and singing; he treated me with a pipe of his tobacco, and then his Wife Brought some fatt and barries mixt together, and the belly of a buffaloe, which is very fine eating, and he told me he would go to ye fortt and gett powder and shott, Knives, Guns &c. I told them there were plenty of all sorts of Goods, they are more like English than Indians, have great plenty of fine horses.*

B: then came to 30 tents of Archithinues. I talked and smoaked with them but all to no purpose, the Indians got furs from them on credit, they have the finest horses I have yet seen and are very kind to me.

On 21 May Henday met again the Blackfoot chieftain whose great camp he had visited the previous fall, and for the first time the journal entries tell something of the same story. Journal C has most detail, describing how there

> came to us the old Archithinue Leader, that I seed in the fall in muscuty plains, with 70 tents of His countrymen; I smoaked with Him and did all in my powr to get some of His young Men down with me to the Fort, His objections were viz. they could not paddle; and that there were plenty of Buffalow all the year through in muscuty plains; they had not

many Wolves, the pegogomaw Indians, who were gone before us to the Fort had got them from them; We are now above 60 Canoes and there are scarcely a Gun, hatchet, or knife amongst us, having Traded them with the Archithinues for Wolves.

In the midst of more than sixty canoes of Indians Henday now set off for the journey down to York, but first he had to run the gauntlet of the French posts on the lower Saskatchewan. Fort La Corne was reached on 23 May, and there Henday was forced to stay. The reason for this is totally obscure in journal A, painfully clear in journal B. The first describes how

> *we came to a french House, where was 5 french Men, the Gov^r came with his hatt in his hand, and followed a great deal of Bowing and Scraping, but* [sic] *neither he understood me, nor I him, he treated me with 2 Glasses Brandy and half a Bisket, this Evening he gave the Ind^s 2 Gallons Brandy, for to get them to trade, but he got but very little trade . . . this day* [24 May] *Breakfasted, Dined and Sup^d with the french, he asked me many Questions, but I told him I know nothing but come to see the Ind^n Country.*

Journal B (followed by C and D) put it differently:

> came to a french house where were 6 men, the master invited me to supper but we had no bread untill we were done, then he presented me with half a biscuit and a dram of french brandy, and told me that this house is subordinate to basquea, and that he heard of my being there last fall . . .[24/25 May] the master gave the natives 10 gallons of adulterated brandy and has traded from them above 1000 of the finest skins, refusing wolves, bears and dressed beaver skins incoat, as also skins that are in any manner damaged or are not in season; I cannot get them to proceed, it's surprizing to observe what great influence the French hath over the natives.

On 29 May Henday reached the French post at The Pas, and once more there is a sharp differentiation between the brief, uninformative entries of journal A, and the laments of the other versions. On 30 May journal A simply noted, *'the Ind^s are bussy talking &c^a*. If journal B is to be believed, this activity covered a multitude of sins, for in it Henday described how he was

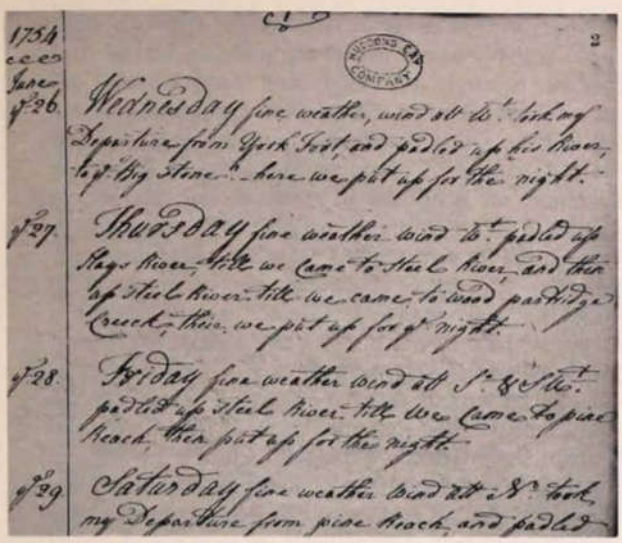
> obliged to lie by, could not get the natives away, they have traded the most valuable furs; I breakfasted &c with the master, and he showed me his stock of furs, a brave parcel of cassed cats, martins, and parchment beaver . . . the Frenchmen are masters of all the Indian languages and have greatly the advantage of us, and if they had brazile tobacco which they have not, would entirely cut our trade off.

The entries for 31 May were variants on the same theme. Journal A recorded that the Indians were innocuously *'Mending their Can^s*, whereas journal B insisted that 'the Indians would not paddle, they have kept a continual trading, and I believe many would trade all the furs and pelts they have if they could perswade them to take their heavy goods.' At last Henday got away, his canoes now depleted in cargo if not in numbers, and he arrived at York Factory on 23 June.

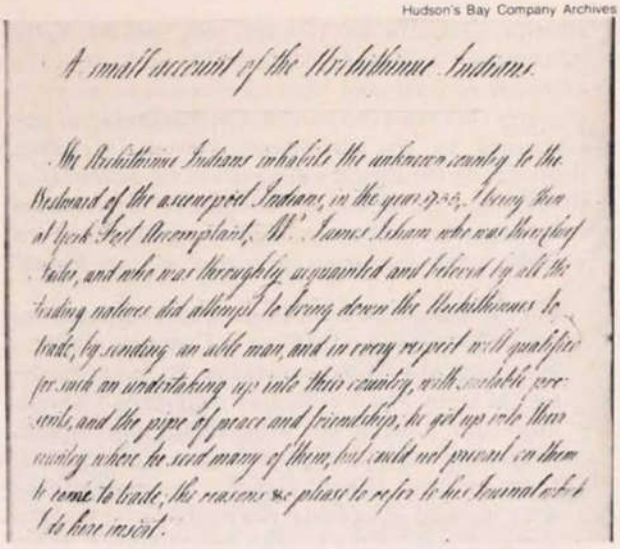
III

What, then, are we to make of all this? If we summarize the tangle of information given above, journal A describes a journey in which Henday cut a brave figure as he passed the French posts on his way inland, dominated the Cree band with whom he travelled, won solemn pledges from the Assiniboine and Blackfoot Indians encountered that they would come down to Hudson Bay with their furs, and on the return journey passed the French posts without any untoward occurrence. The expedition was not only a striking personal achievement; it held out glowing promise of commercial opportunities for the Hudson's Bay Company. The other three copies of the journal paint a completely different picture — Henday passed the French posts in a mood of apprehension rather than bravado, and was allowed to proceed only because of the strength of his accompanying party of Cree Indians; the Assiniboine and Blackfoot refused to contemplate taking to canoes and making the arduous journey down to the Bay, a reluctance encouraged by Henday's Cree companions who were revealed as occupying a dominant middleman position in the fur trade; and on the return journey the Indians from Henday's large fleet of canoes traded the most valuable of their furs at the French posts. Except in one or two isolated instances, it is not possible to reconcile these two versions: they are consistently and fundamentally at odds with each other on those very matters of commercial importance which prompted Isham and the Company to send Henday inland.

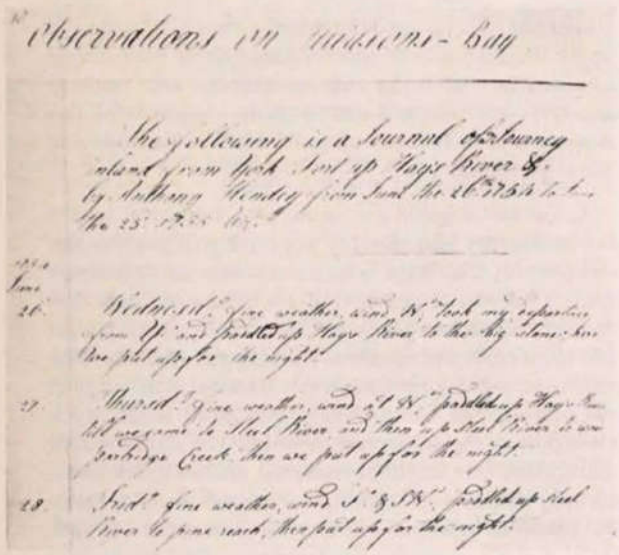
It is easier to state the problem than to solve it, but there is no escaping the conclusion that one version, either that represented in the near-contemporary journal A, or the later collective one offered in journals B, C and D, is false — not to put too fine a point on it, a forgery. We perhaps ought to approach the problem by examining the various versions of the journal with more care than they have hitherto received. Henday's handwriting is not known, but none of these copies can be directly attributed to him; as far as is known, not a scrap exists of the original journal or of any notes kept by Henday during his year inland. Journal A seems to be in the handwriting of Andrew Graham, as one



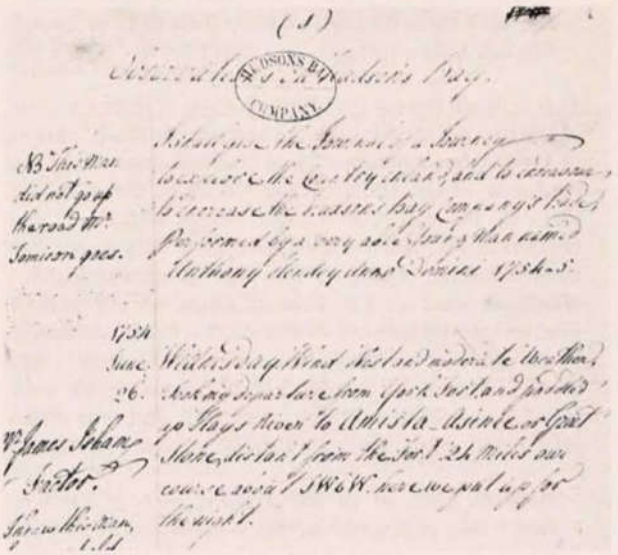
From journal A, the version sent to London from York Factory in 1755.



Journal B, written in a copperplate clerical hand and included in a volume of Andrew Graham's 'Observations' dated 1768-9.



From journal C, in Graham's 'Observations' dated 1767-9. Versions A, C and D are in Graham's hand.



From journal D, published in an undated volume of 'Observations' probably written close to 1782.

might expect, since in 1755 when the copy was made he was 'Assistant Writer' at York. Journal B is in a copperplate clerical hand — certainly not Graham's, which helps to explain the error made throughout this copy in Graham's 'Observations' that the journey is dated 1755-6 instead of 1754-5, a mistake Graham would not have made. Journals C and D are both in Graham's handwriting.

The first question to be asked is why it was felt necessary in the summer of 1755 at York to make a copy of Henday's journal, rather than to send the original to London. Clearly, a sinister interpretation is possible; but it must be said that a scrawled journal kept through the vicissitudes of a long and arduous inland venture was probably not in good condition to be sent to the London Committee for its scrutiny. There may well never have been any intention to send Henday's original journal home; certainly on his expedition earlier in 1754 to Split Lake we know that he entered his remarks in a 'wast Book'. While the copy was being made at York, Isham must have talked at length to Henday about his journey, for at the end of the transcript the factor added further information, together with his own comments. These modify the sanguine interpretation of trading possibilities implied in the journal entries proper. We can reconstruct

Isham's questions to Henday only by the extra information recorded in these 'Remarks on the aforesaid Journal, and what he observes to me of ye Country', but there can be no doubt that the factor was concerned by the discrepancy between Henday's insistence on the alleged willingness of the Archithinue to come down to the Bay to trade, and the failure in the event of a single one to accompany him on his return journey. Isham explained the matter at some length:

> But the misfortune is the English Earchithinues has not ye knowledge of padling in Cannues, nor even knows not how to make such, they Rideing Chiefly; two of them was 2 or 3 days sitting in a Cannue, other Ind^{s} padling, but being afraid turned back, neither did those [Cree] Ind^{s} Encourage them, that I sent in Care of Capt^{n} Hendey, by reason, if they were brought in to trade, it would deprive them of getting Goods of the English Earchithinues, which att present they do for 1/3 the value they gett of us, but also be obliged to hunt and gett goods themselves, which att present are Loth to do, while they can have them att such a Cheap Rate of ye aforesaid English Earchithinues.

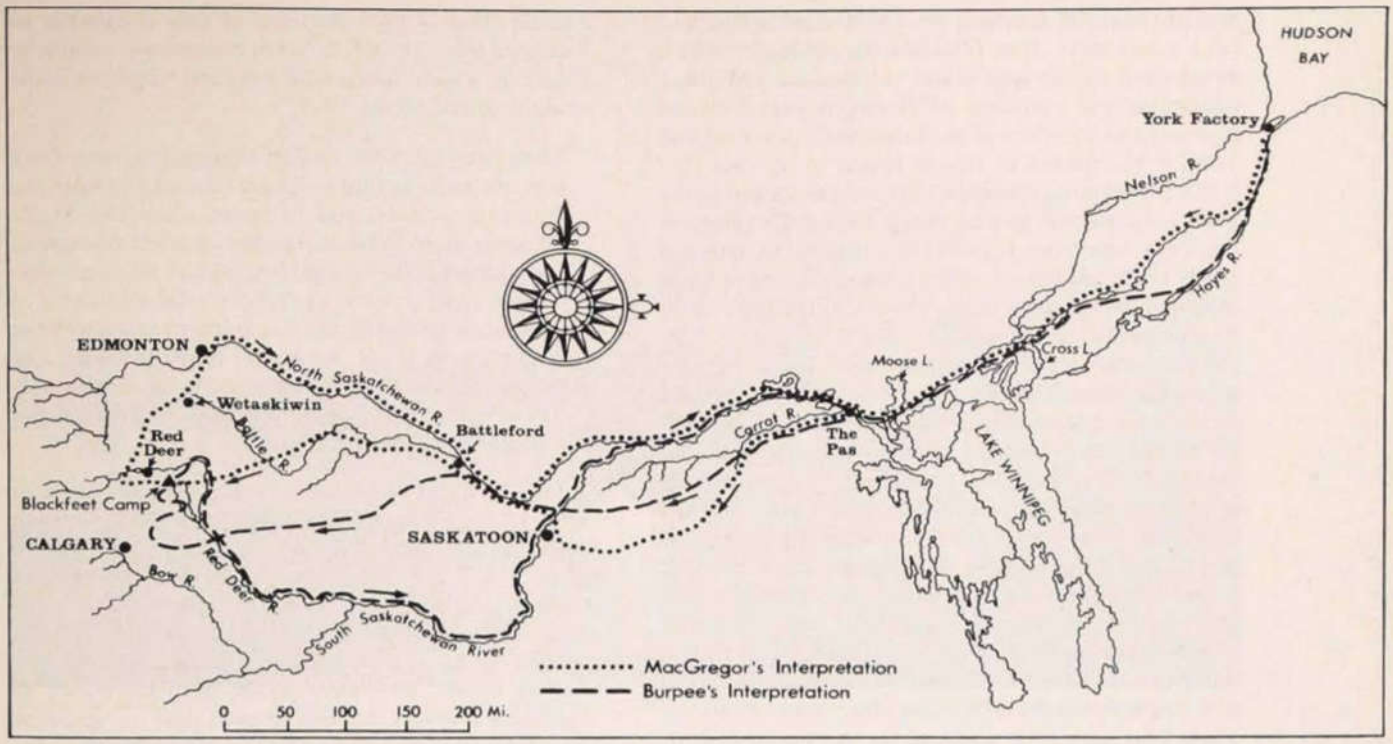
This is much nearer the interpretation of later versions of the journal, and Isham made a similar modification to Henday's cheerful entry of 16 May concerning the readiness of the Indian leader to come down to the fort. In his cautionary note Isham added, 'if the Indians could have come on horse back they would not have hesitated upon it, but that is unpracticable.' Henday's stay at the French posts on the return journey passed without comment, but Isham no doubt could guess at the loss of furs during those days. He remarked that the canoes which reached York with Henday were 'but thinly gooded', and elsewhere elaborated on an earlier journal entry by Henday:

> Here he hints of ye Ind^{s} trading with ye French, which they cannot deny, this is no More then what I always Understood, therefore no wonder they bring so Little goods to us, there is Certainly a Good Reason for there so doing, the great distance they are of from the fortt, and no English Settlements in Land, obliges them to trade with the french, as they cannot carry a sufficient Quantitiy of ammunition &c^{a}, such a distance from the fort to supply them for the year a plain proof of which, notwithstanding I supplyed Capt^{n} Hendey well with ammunition, he was obliged to trade for a Little powder of the french, on his Road down to bring him to ye fort.

Isham also noted that when Henday departed from the main party of Archithinue Indians on 21 May his canoes took only two days to reach the first French post, so the Indians left behind 'Certainly must trade with the french, as they can Ride so farr.'

Isham's questioning of Henday had elicited a much more realistic appraisal of the position inland than journal A alone provided, and he concluded his recommendations to the London Committee in that light. Even so, it is blurring actuality to argue that Henday gave the Committee 'detailed and important evidence' on problems of trade in the interior. In Henday's own journal which was sent to the Committee those problems never appeared, and only Isham's appendix redressed the balance from Henday's easy optimism towards a more cautious response. In the light of Henday's discoveries, Isham proposed in the first instance that a post should be established inland from York, at a lake near the French posts. The exact location of this lake is not known, since Henday's 'draught' which purported to show a 'branch or River of Deep Water, free from Windings' leading to that spot is lost, but it may have been Moose Lake. The objective of such a post would be to compete with the French who were straddled across the trade routes leading down to York. Secondly, Isham suggested that Henday's much deeper penetration into the interior should be followed up by the dispatch of several men inland with roving commissions to bring the Assiniboine and perhaps also the Archithinue down to trade. If successful, this move would in Isham's view double York's trade and 'Root ye french out'.

As far as he could act on his own initiative, Isham did so. Hardly had Henday got back to York than he was sent off four days later on another year's journey inland; only to return within a week on the plea that the apprentice boy sent with him was 'quite jaded'. It would be understandable if Henday felt likewise. The larger scheme Isham had in mind found little support in London. The Committee pronounced itself 'much pleas'd' with the enterprise shown by Henday, thought that the venture might be repeated, and awarded him a gratuity of £20 (the equivalent of two years' wages). But on more technical matters the Committee thought little of the explorer's competence — 'We apprehend Henday is not very expert in making Drafts with Accuracy or keeping a just Reckoning of distance other then by guess which may prove erroneous' and added 'we cannot find by his said Journal or Draft that any Settlement (the thing you seemed so desirous of) can be made with the least appearance of advantage.' The Committee's response might have been different if it had been aware of the extensive trading between Henday's Indian companions and the French posts near The Pas, a loss on which journal A was totally silent. Isham's cautionary and qualifying 'Remarks' seem to have been ignored — dismissed too readily perhaps by Committee members bored by years of reproaches from its York factor on the subject of inland expansion. Despite this discouraging response from London Isham sent Henday inland



Henday's route has been the subject of much discussion among historians: shown here are the different conjectures represented on the maps by L. J. Burpee, which accompanied his edition of E. 2/11 (journal D) in the transactions of the Royal Society, 1907, and by James G. MacGregor in his more recent study of Henday, 'Behold the Shining Mountains', 1954.

again in the summer of 1756, when he was instructed by the factor 'to take a true and Exact acct. of the place he entemates, for a Settlement, computed 500 miles up'; but sickness forced Henday back. In 1759-60 he once more reached the prairies, this time with Joseph Smith, on a journey of which little account survives. This was one of a whole series of probes into the interior set in motion by Isham, but since they coincided with the decline of French influence in the interior as Canada was attacked and conquered by British forces, it is difficult to say what influence they had on the steady rise of York's trade in the late 1750s and early 1760s. Isham himself died in 1761, and Henday retired from the Company's service in 1762, obviously in poor health, and according to Graham denied any chance of promotion, and under fire from the ships' officers because he refused to buy goods from them.

But if Henday was to disappear into obscurity (even the date of his death is unknown) his journey and his journal were not forgotten. The more one investigates the curious business of the variant copies of Henday's journal, the more Graham emerges as a key figure in the whole affair. Three of the four copies are in Graham's hand, and the fourth was copied by a clerk into a volume of the 'Observations'. To Graham at least it must have been clear that there was a substantial difference between that version of Henday's journal which he had copied for Isham to send home in 1755, and the three versions he included in his later 'Observations'. His role in 1755 was simply that of a copyist: a young man in his early twenties, he was too junior to have any opportunity or desire to bias Henday's journal in any particular direction. Later notes in his 'Observations' make it clear that Graham thought highly of Henday and considered him unfairly treated; also that he had much affection and respect for Isham. Before Isham's death and Henday's retirement, Graham had risen to the position of Second at York, and indeed was Acting Chief in 1758-9 during Isham's absence in England. He had ample opportunity, and every official reason, to discuss Henday's venturesome journey with him, and the presumption is strong that he acquired either Henday's original journal notes, or a copy of them. The importance he attached to the journal is shown by the fact that it was transcribed into the two earliest versions of his 'Observations' in the late 1760s (the only other document thus treated in these early volumes was an abstract of William Tomison's journal of his expedition of 1767-8 to Lake Winnipeg, which Graham himself had set on foot), and into what was probably the final version of the 'Observations' many years later.

Both of the early transcriptions (journals B and C) were finished by 1769, and were almost certainly

brought home by Graham when he arrived in England for a year's leave. If he followed the procedure which he adopted for his later books of 'Observations' those containing the accounts of Henday's journey were presented to members of the London Committee, and some confirmation of this is found in the fact that E.2/6 (containing journal C) for long remained in the personal library of Samuel Wegg, Deputy Governor of the Company from 1774 to 1782, and then Governor until 1799. Henday's journal seems to have been included by Graham in his 'Observations' because of its commercial implications, rather than because of its geographical importance. Thus in E.2/4 it appears under the unrevealing heading, 'A small account of the Archithinue Indians', and begins with an introductory paragraph by Graham clearly addressed to the London Committee. We know that Graham had no inhibitions about presenting his views to the Committee, for within a few weeks of returning home in October 1769 he gave the Committee 'A Book of Remarks on Hudsons Bay', which may either be one of the copies of his 'Observations' or a shorter manuscript now in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, which is entitled 'Remarks on Hudsons Bay Trade by Andrew Graham many Years Factor at York Fort and Severn House for the perusal of his Employers 1769'. The late sixties saw the beginning of intensive and anxious discussion both in the Bay and in London about the most effective way to meet the new threat presented by the Canadian traders operating along the old French river routes westward from Montreal. Graham had felt the first ripples of this activity while he was Acting Factor at York in 1766; and by 1768 the Chief there, Ferdinand Jacobs, had to report a cataclysmic drop in York's trade of almost a half. He noted that 'the Canada pedlars are got into the very heart of the trading Indians' country', and that the individual Company servants sent inland were powerless to stop this drift of the Indian trade 'which saves them the carriage of several hundred miles'. It was the same situation which Henday had found in 1754-5, and roughly the same exchange of proposals resulted. Like Isham a dozen years earlier, Jacobs suggested serious inland expansion, with a post or posts in the interior, supplied (and this was an innovation) by boat, not canoe. Once more, the Committee flinched from the expense and complications of this policy, and was prepared only to approve the sending of six men inland, and perhaps the establishment of a temporary summer post. It was into this debate that Graham thrust himself on his return to England, and his 'Observations' of the period contain his thoughts at some length. The difference of opinion between Jacobs and Graham over the best policy to adopt to meet the Canadian competition inland has been dealt with elsewhere (Hudson's Bay Record Society, XXVII, Introduction); what is of interest here is the relevance of this discussion to Henday's journal. In E.2/5 (the companion volume to E.2/4 in which journal B appears) Graham came straight to the point:

> Since the year 1756 several Englishmen have been sent annually inland to endeavour to promote the Company's trade, and to invite down the Archithinue Indians to trade, but have not yet succeeded, and am certain never will. In the years 1761 and 1766 when Chief Factor at York Fort, I did my utmost to endeavour to search and find out the reason why the Archithinues could not be got down to trade, and the reasons they gave me were the same as mentioned by Anthony Hendey in his Journal wrote at full in the first book of this work.

The Archithinue Indian who was brought down to York by the Cree in 1766 talked to Graham in much the same terms that Henday reported in the version written in E.2/5. He rhapsodized about horses and buffalo, and said 'that he himself never would come down again, as he did not like to sit in the canoe and be obliged to eat fish and fowl as he had done mostly coming down.' Graham rejected both the policy of sending a few servants inland each year — 'ignorant poor labouring men of no abilities, who likes to go for no other reason but to lead an idle and vagrant life amongst the natives' — and the proposal to establish a series of posts inland. Only one was worth serious consideration; and here Graham returned once more to Henday's journey and Isham's reaction with his suggestion of a post on the Saskatchewan to tap the trade of the Assiniboine and Archithinue Indians and to fend off the Canadians. Like Isham, Graham referred to the entry in Henday's journal where he left the Archithinue only two days' paddle from the nearest French post. The main argument against the establishment of a post in that area was the problem, much exaggerated by Graham, that 'All the discovered rivers are so shoal, full of cataracts and long land carriages, that with great difficulty, expense and attended with the utmost confusion, birch-rind canoes would not be got up to Keskachewan River with a trifle of goods in less than four months.' There is no need to follow this debate further; the fact is that Henday's journal, for all its defects and omissions, represented the only first-hand account of any comprehensibility about the region and the Indians under discussion. The journal is copied into Graham's 'Observations' not for the same end that the natural history notes were, but as a working document of relevance to the Company's immediate problems in the interior.

Having got thus far, we must then return to the central issue of the divergence between these two copies of the late sixties, and the earlier copy of 1755. One or other of the versions must be false, and there

Hudson's Bay Company Archives

'Where the Blackfeet Hunt'. A painting by John Innes. Henday's account of Indians on horseback was not believed on his return to York.

can be no doubt that it is the 'original' one, the transcript of 1755, the one read by the London Committee at the time. Only three men had the opportunity and knowledge to tamper with the various copies we have: Graham, Isham and Henday himself. Graham, as has already been indicated, was too junior in 1755 to have either reason or opportunity to alter Henday's journal, and of course in no position to do so without Isham's knowledge. Isham has indeed been regarded by most historians who have studied Henday's journal as its self-appointed censor, on the grounds that the occasional references to Henday's Indian 'bedfellow' which appear in the later versions are missing from that sent home from York in 1755. This expurgation was done, so the argument runs, because of the known disapproval of the London Committee of liaisons between Company servants and Indian women. Much more serious is the fact that Henday's Indian woman is mentioned in the later version of the journal generally in the guise of an interpreter and expositor to Henday of the complex pattern of Indian trade in the interior — and it is all this which is missing from the copy of 1755. Isham could not conceivably have deleted commercial information of such importance simply to avoid drawing attention to the fact the Henday was accompanied by an Indian woman; if that troubled him he could have followed the form of entry of 28 December in journal D, which in one of the passages explaining Indian trading methods referred to Henday's female informant in a neutral way as 'An Indian'. And not only was Isham, from all the considerable knowledge we have of him, an honourable if crotchety man, but to omit the commercial information which appears in the three later versions of the journal would have been to weaken his own argument. In the context of the debate initiated by Isham, and carried on by Jacobs and Graham, the later copies of Henday's journal support a purposeful policy of inland expansion much more strongly than the 'original'. That, after all, gave a hopelessly optimistic forecast of the readiness of the distant Archithinue to come down to York without much further prompting, and said nothing about the growing interference of the French inland posts with the established Company trade.

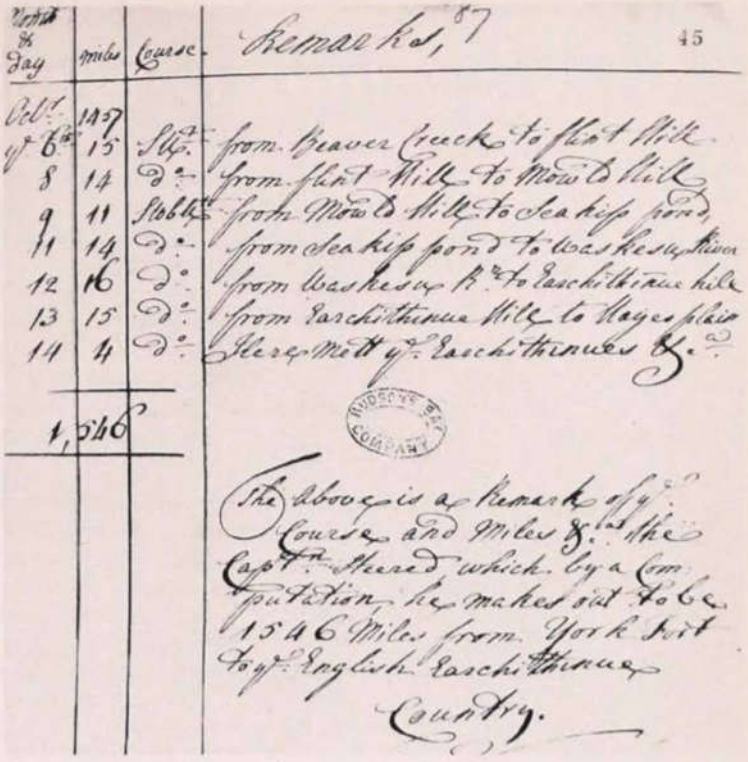
So we are left with Henday, a curiously elusive figure. Most of the personal information we have on him comes from Graham's marginal annotations. These tell us that he was a smuggler before entering the Company's service, was 'Bold, enterprising', volunteered to go inland, and was not fairly treated on his return to York — his account of horsed Indians in particular being disbelieved — and finally on being refused promotion he left the Company's employ. There is an implication here, and there is no discredit to Henday in it, that he was an ambitious man, not content with his tedious and humble position of 'labourer and netmaker'. Certainly although his journal style is stilted and laboured, it is more literate than one would expect from a man engaged in so lowly a capacity, and this again makes one wonder about his

origins and past. Dr Jennifer Brown has pointed out to me that Henday's name could be of French origin, and that there is a river-mouth town named Hendaye on France's Biscay coast. One is reminded of Henday's retort to the disputatious French trader at The Pas on 22 July 1754: 'I told him I knew france as well as he did . . .' The Company records throw no light on this, but they contain some other interesting fragments of information. Henday was hired by the London Committee in April 1750, the year Isham was on leave in England, and it is possible that the two men knew each other, for when the factor returned to York he listed the new shipboard arrivals, adding a comment against only one of the names, Henday's, to the effect that he was 'a very Servicable man', a remark which seems to indicate some previous acquaintanceship. Whether or not the two men had known each other in England, at York they appear to have developed a relationship much closer than that normal between a factor and labourer. Isham's letters to Henday while he was on his inland journey break away from the customary formality of Company correspondence. Henday is both addressed and signs himself as 'Anthony' and to one of his letters Isham added to his salutation 'Your Faithful Friend and well wisher', the postscript 'All Friends give thier Love to You'. More to the point perhaps, in these letters Isham wrote enticingly about the personal benefit which a discovery of the interior Indians might bring Henday: 'You may depend upon it the company will Suffitiently Reward you for any Service you may do the company by such a Journey'. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Henday's interest was to make his expedition a commercial success, and to return with just the sort of report which appeared in the entries of the original journal A, in which a hopeful prospect was held out of bringing down to the Bay Indians of unusual wealth and enterprise from the distant interior.

We have to ask ourselves whether there is any evidence that Henday might deliberately falsify his journal in this way. There are a few hints: we have already seen two examples (albeit of a personal and trivial nature) where Henday in journal A elaborated on his personal bravery and dominance in episodes which appear in a more mundane light in the later copies. There is a rather more important incident which may offer proof that Henday was prone to exaggeration. Journals B, C and D all mention in their entries for 16 October, as Henday took his farewell of the Archithinue after failing to persuade them to come down to the Bay, that the Archithinue chieftain pressed on him two slave girls. These Henday refused, and they were taken by his Cree companions. There is supporting evidence that this story — not an unusual one, anyway — was true, because in a footnote Graham adds that one of the girls was killed in an incident at York in 1765. Journal A has no mention of any of this, but Henday quite clearly told Isham something about an offer since the factor comments on it in his 'Remarks' at the end of the journal. But it sounds a very different offer from the one described in the later versions. After talking to Henday on his return, Isham wrote: 'I can but own if I had been in Capt[n] Hendey's place, when the King of the Earchithinues offerred him his Daughter in Marriage (and I a single Man as he was) would have Embraced ye proposal, which would have Created a firm friendship, and would have been A great help in Engageing them to trade.' Again, there is nothing impossible in such a gesture; there are enough examples of a similar kind from Pocahontas onwards, but it fits the general pattern of journal A, the tinge of self-glorification that appears now and again. In another incident, some light is thrown on Henday's state of mind before he reached the French post at The Pas in July 1754 by a letter sent to Isham earlier in the month. In it, Henday pronounced himself worried because 'we should see a French Factory in 2 Days more, and that We must go by it, before We can go their Country. I dont very well like it, having nothing to Satisfy them on what account I am giving up the Country, and Very possably they may suspect Me to be a Spy . . .' This fits the mood of the entries of the later journals about this confrontation, rather than the truculent tone of journal A. But the overriding argument is that in 1755 only Henday knew that journal A was wrong, that the Archithinue were *not* willing to leave their beloved horses, prairies and buffalo hunts for the long journey down to Hudson Bay. From the general tenor of his 'Remarks' it is clear that Isham had a suspicion that this was so, and after discussing the journey with Henday he makes in his 'Remarks' some important modifications to the account in journal A. As we have seen, Isham noted that the Archithinue were unwilling to take to their canoes; for different reasons the Crees were equally unenthusiastic about the prospect of direct links between the Archithinue and York, and the French were menacing the Company's trade. In skeleton form, the circumstantial detail of the later versions is already present in Isham's appendix to journal A.

If we accept that the true version of events is that contained in copies B, C and D, then it is a matter of surmise how Graham came by the information. A comparison of all four copies suggests that they were made from Henday's loose notes rather than from a bound journal; the occasional reversal of daily entries suggests some sort of jumbling of the original information. It may be that Henday handed over his original notes to Graham before he left the Bay — or elaborated verbally to Graham at some time. The first seems rather more probable, for this would explain why information appears in some versions and not in

Journal C: 'the greatest distance he was inland . . . 1130 miles'.



Journal A, prepared for London, estimates the distance from York Fort to the Blackfoot camp to be 1546 miles.

others. Graham was treating Henday's notes, if this supposition is correct, in the same way that he treated his own — a process summed up by the present writer in his preface to the published edition of Graham's 'Observations': 'A short paragraph in one volume may swell to several pages in a later; new information appears and disappears; revisions are made, and then apparently unmade . . .' So we find that in journal C Graham entered some personal comments by Henday which do not appear elsewhere — on 8 August, 'as I am looked on as a Leader I have Ladies of different ranks to attend me, please to observe the Men does nothing but hunt, and we Leaders hath a Lady to hold the thogin with water to our heads when we drink'; on 1 September, Henday remarked that he was accompanied by more than four hundred Indians, 'two thirds of whom lives chiefly on fruit, Especially the Women, I have not yet forgot Great Britain so far, but I allow my Bedfellow a share of my allowance of meat.' More generally, Graham altered Henday's most common entry in journal A, that he 'steered' in this or that direction — some confirmation perhaps of the nautical background hinted at in Graham's note that Henday had been a smuggler — to the more conventional 'travelled'. A much more drastic alteration is made by Graham in journal D, where he inflicts substantial cuts in the daily distances covered by Henday according to journal A (followed by B and C). At the end of July 1754 and for much of August, Graham starts cutting Henday's distances, usually by half. From mid-September and for most of the winter this is done consistently, and when Henday took to canoes again at the end of April 1755, his distances are once more reduced by half until 26 May by which time he had passed the French trading posts on the Lower Saskatchewan and was on his way down to York. In other words, by the time he was writing up the fourth version of Henday's journal, with the knowledge at his disposal of the inland ventures of Tomison, Cocking and others, Graham was convinced that the distances Henday had travelled in unknown country were not much more than half those set out in journal A. So, at the end of journal A, Henday stated that he had travelled inland from York 1546 miles, whereas in journal C this overall distance is given as 1130 miles.

Once in Graham's hands, then, Henday's notes underwent editorial modification. This can be seen in its simplest form in the entry for 6 July 1754 where journal A refers to paddling up Jack Reach, and catching jack. Journals B and C repeat the name Jack Reach, but change the name of the fish to the more usual one of pike, and finally journal D makes the logical alteration to the place name — so that we now find Henday paddling up Pike Reach, and catching pike. This type of alteration by Graham is fairly common, and in places has important implications. Historians, beginning with Burpee, have agonized over the fact that Henday supposed that in the second week of July on his outward journey he reached Lake Winnipeg, whereas he was clearly some distance north of it; but this assumption is based on the entry in journal D (the only one in print, it is worth recalling) referring to 'Christianaux Lake', the French name for Lake Winnipeg. This in turn can be traced back to the entry for 10 July in journal B referring to 'frenchmans lake or little sea and leads southward towards Severn river &c.' These are the precise terms used for Lake Winnipeg by Graham in his map of the interior of Hudson Bay which he sent to the London Committee in 1772. But Henday's original entry in journal A has none of this; it refers only to 'Monokau' lake. In brief, Lake Winnipeg was Graham's interpretation of where Henday was, not Henday's. Likewise, nowhere in journal A does Henday refer to the Saskatchewan

River by name; on 21 July, where journals B, C and D mention the 'Keschechewan' River, journal A simply has 'another Large River', though here there is no doubt but that this was in fact the Saskatchewan. The three later versions are full of additional information. Where Henday in journal A mentions an Indian in general terms, Graham in the later versions will add his name, and give details about him which are clearly based on his own experience and knowledge. What we have in the later versions of the journal, then, is an amalgam of information provided by Henday, and comments or explanations offered by Graham; and where the one begins and the other ends is not always easy to determine.

All this has a bearing on the most debated single issue of Henday's journal — the question of whether or not he saw the Rocky Mountains. Although the various authorities who have studied Henday's route differ about its final meanderings west of present-day Battleford, they agree that at his farthest west somewhere north of Calgary he should have been within sight of the Rockies. The crucial entries bearing on this are those of 13 August, 29 October and 24 December 1754. On 13 August Henday had left the woods and was out on the plains. In journal A he wrote, 'the water very salt, and smells like Brine, what wood here is dry, and Grass very short, and think ye Indian Name for this place is Muscuty.' (The Cree word for grass according to Daniel Harmon was *mos-ko-se-ah*). The later versions are more definite on this point, and on its implications; for example, journal B has, 'we are now entered muscuty plains, shall soon see plenty of buffaloe and the archithinue Indians hunting them on horse-back.' On 29 October, journal A has a significant, if, on the face of it, unenlightening, entry, 'took my departure from Arsinie Watchee'. Journal C for that day notes, 'took my Departure from muskety plains . . . I have been since the 13th. of august in muscuty plains; the Indians calls the Archithinue Country by another name, which is Arsinee Warchee (ie dry Country)'. Finally, we come to the important entry of 24 December. Journal A has: 'on the top of a Hill, where I had a fine View of Arsinie Watchie att a farr distance it being the Last Sight, that I ever shall have of it this Year.' Journal B is different: 'on rising ground, where I had a fine view of the muscuty country, which will be the last this trip inland.' Journal C apparently confirms the identification as it had done in its 29 October entry: 'I had a fine prospect of Muscuty, or Arsinee Warchee Country, and seed the Archithinues smoak; this will be the last time I shall see that delightful Country this trip inland.'

What are we to make of this? The late Clifford Wilson had no doubts: Arsinee Watchee were the Rocky Mountains because 'as any student of the Cree language knows, *assini* means stone or rock, and *watchee* a hill or mountain.' But Graham, though no philologist, had enough Cree to appreciate this. His written vocabulary of Cree terms included 'A Stone Assinee', and 'A Hill or Highland Wachee.' It is difficult to argue, therefore, that Graham identified and confused the Arsinee Watchee or Rocky Mountains with the muscuty plains or prairies. What is certain is that only the later versions of the journal have this (obviously mistaken) identification; but when we get back to the unadorned journal A we run full tilt into the difficulty of the short entry of 29 October, 'took my departure from Arsinie Watchee'. If Henday really meant the Rocky Mountains by this, then the entry makes no sense. It is very doubtful whether he was even within sight of the Rockies at this time, and for the next three weeks he was drifting in a westerly direction, nearer the mountains, not away from them. It is worth pointing out here that Henday's journal throughout is a 'nose-to-the-ground' document; he mentions rivers, lakes and hills as he comes to them. If we delete Graham's editorial interpolations, then the journal rarely speculates, or mentions any natural feature other than those immediately confronting Henday. Difficult to believe though it may be to a modern observer, it is quite conceivable that Henday, whose references to the prairies across which he was travelling were fleeting enough, never thought it worth while to describe the mountain range he could see many miles farther west.

So we are left with an outstanding query to which no obvious explanation offers itself. It is perhaps worth summarizing the other contentions put forward in this paper. They are, firstly, that there are many minor variations between all four copies of the journal which seems to point to the fact that Graham was transcribing from rough notes, not from a neat, bound journal. Secondly, and more importantly, there are substantial differences of factual information between journal A and the other three which misled the London Committee in 1755. These differences can be explained if we accept that Henday tried to show his achievement in a dishonestly optimistic light — a light somewhat dimmed by Isham's appendix of 'Remarks' to journal A, and turning to gloomy shadow in Graham's later versions which were produced as evidence of the problems of trading with the interior Indians at a time, the late 1760s, when the Company was anxiously engaged in debate about its future inland policy. Henday's journey was a venturesome and remarkable exploit; but one flawed by the explorer's sketchy and inaccurate first account of it. Lack of facility with the pen can explain his failure, irritating though it may be to modern scholars, to describe adequately the vastness of the prairies, or the distant splendour of the Rockies, but it is less easy to accept the deliberate suppression and distortion of some of the most significant commercial aspects of his discoveries. ◆

Under the Hunger Moon

BY CARL J. BUCHANAN

Collection of Lorne Hyde

'Grey Wolves' by Manitoba nature artist Keith Bowey.

IT WOULD APPEAR TO ME that only those who have been subjected to the rigours of a savage winter in a more or less hostile environment can really appreciate the coming of spring.

Some of the winters in the depression years of the 1930s when we lived on a homestead on the fringes of the wilderness of north-eastern Alberta, were brutal in the extreme — made more so by the fact that we who were forced to endure them, were without adequate clothing and food.

There were times when, for weeks, the mercury in the thermometer practically disappeared into the bulb and stayed there as though afraid to come out. When it did moderate slightly it usually meant that another storm was on the way and we were blessed with another fall of snow which, in turn, was followed by still another long spell of intense cold. Frozen toes were an almost daily occurrence among children who had to walk to school — in our case a distance of only one and one half miles on a narrow winding path through the bush.

It was seldom indeed, that one or more of us did not have patches of peeling skin on cheeks or noses, or both. I would venture to say that some winters we grew enough new skin to make a pair of moccasins.

The effects of such conditions on the human element were bad enough, but the effects upon the creatures of the wilderness were devastating. During such a winter, the homesteader had a ringside seat to the cruelties of nature and a firsthand look at the law of survival — for truly, only the fittest did survive. I suppose the Creator, in his wisdom, intended it should be this way; otherwise the earth would surely be overwhelmed.

For this was the time of the hunger moon. For several years the population of several species had been increasing until it had outgrown the food supply, and the time had come for Mother Nature to restore order.

When she was through only the best of each species would be left to replenish the land and by the time the population had reached significant numbers, the food supply would have recovered. The prolific snowshoe rabbits, in their teeming millions, were perhaps the first to go. Weakened by malnutrition and inbreeding, they sat on their runways, frozen as hard as bone, or in little groups of as many as half a dozen beneath the trunks of the fallen trees — pitiful bundles of frozen bones and fur.

The snows grew ever deeper and the temperature dropped to forty, and then to fifty below zero. Even many of the hardy little chickadees perished in the grip of unrelenting cold, their feet frozen around the branches of the shrubs to which they clung. The deer struggled for life in the belly-deep snow, exhausting their strength in the effort to reach enough browse to keep them alive, easy prey for coyotes.

The small lakes and pot-holes froze to the bottom and the muskrats perished miserably in a coffin of ice. Even the powerful moose, the largest and perhaps the hardiest of all the animals, found the going hard; all the best browse lay buried beneath an awesome layer of snow, and they were forced to eat food that had but little nourishment. Day by day they grew thinner and weaker, dying perhaps mercifully by the fangs of the timber wolves. The huge bull, haughty and arrogant scant months ago, was humbled now; his mighty rack of horns had fallen off, and he had only his sharp hooves to protect him against his enemies. He stood emaciated and miserable beneath a spruce tree where the snow was not too deep, his heavy winter coat falling loose in patches, dreaming of a day when the sun would return, the snow would melt, and a fresh new crop of succulent buds would spring forth as if by magic. He did not know that for a long time to come after this brutal winter passed, the browse would be abundant, for there would be few of his kind left to eat it.

You stopped on one of those bitter nights and listened. The searing cold bit like a driven nail. There was a silence so great it almost pained the ears and a stillness so profound that it must surely have been the stillness of death; for how in all this vast white emptiness could anything be alive? It seemed the universe had died, never to awaken for all eternity.

A frozen yellow moon hung in the sky, cold, remote, and distant, casting a faint and eerie glow upon a frozen world, while the shadows of a few small clouds scurried across the landscape like the fleeing ghosts of all the creatures that had perished. You felt humble and insignificant, and you shuddered and hurried on, for you had just looked upon the terrifying power of nature and realized your vulnerability. How slender the thread of life was, for should you fall and break a leg, the last chapter of your life would be written within the hour.

And then came the resurrection. You sensed immediately upon awakening in the morning that a change had begun. The icy early-morning chill had gone from the upstairs sleeping quarters for the first time in many weeks, and the polka-dot pattern of frost-covered nail heads on the roof boards close overhead had changed; the fluffy frost crystals had disappeared, and only a smooth round blob of ice remained. The accumulated build-up of ice upon the window had started to melt, and for the first time in weeks a small strip of clear glass could be seen at the top edge. You hurried downstairs and stepped outside.

Carl J. Buchanan, now retired from farming and living in Penticton, B.C., has written several articles for 'The Beaver' on homesteading in northern Alberta during the depression years of the 1930s.

The bright rays of an early morning sun struck you full in the face, and you realized at once that the master caretaker had at last turned the thermostat back on. You hastened to the corner of the house and looked at the thermometer. It registered zero, a rise of nearly forty degrees in the past twelve hours. The whole landscape looked different. Far down in the valley, the location of every springhole could be easily located by the cloud of vapour which hung over it. The trunks of spruce trees that for many long weeks had been frosted to grey with millions of ice crystals had a look that was almost black against the stark whiteness of the snow. An expectant hush hung over the frozen land as it awaited the signal to awaken and live again.

It was plain that all the animals in the farmyard were aware that something wonderful was about to happen. The chickens flew down from the roosts and scratched industriously, chattering to each other all the while, and the big white leghorn rooster ventured outside, stood proudly erect, flapped his wings and crowed loudly, as though he alone was responsible for the welcome change in the weather. The cows, on their way back to the barn from the watering place, stood in the lee of the spruces by the well, soaking up the new-found warmth.

In the early afternoon the expectant hush was broken by a distant sighing sound which rapidly increased in volume, and over the hills and valleys came the warm Chinook wind, which had at last broken through the barrier of the far-off mountains and came racing to unlock the chains of frost that had held the land in bondage for so long.

The drifted heaps of snow shrank under its hot breath, and the first drips of water started to form into puddles, which would soon become rivulets, which in their turn would become streams. And the great river, slumbering far below in the valley beneath its thick burden of ice, would start to stir and groan restlessly; the trees along its banks would tremble from the vibrations of its struggle to break free.

Soon one awakened in the warm morning to the cawing of crows; the pot-holes were full of water and the frogs commenced their croaking song. The wilderness resounded with the glad calls of birds as all the migrators returned from their long journey to the south, and announced with joyful song that they had come back to help celebrate the rebirth of the world.

And so that savage winter passed into history. The older men sat on the stoop in the cool of the evening and discussed it and all agreed that it was, perhaps, the worst in living memory. Father allowed that in his opinion, the winter of 1918-1919 may have been a bit worse as he lost more stock that year, on account of shortage of feed. On the other hand, we had not escaped losses this winter, for two of our cows had perished and a litter of new-born pigs, all as a result of savage weather and inadequate feed supplies.

Woodcut by Claudia Brown

But we were lucky, for it had exacted a toll in human life as well within our own little community. Two small children from one family died of pneumonia as a result of that brutal weather, and an old man had passed away, a victim of cold and extreme poverty. One of my schoolmates had frozen his feet so badly while going four miles to school that he was unable to walk for six weeks.

As you sat in the warm spring sun, in melancholy contemplation of all that had transpired these past grim months, a robin alighted on the rail fence close by. He glanced at you with an inquisitive eye, and suddenly decided that here was someone who needed cheering up. He drew himself proudly erect, fluffed out his feathers, expanded his red chest to the bursting point, and poured out a song of joy.

He sang of love and life and happiness, of warmth and sunshine and bright fresh flowers blooming in the spring, and a bright new world just reborn, and a nest full of downy new babies, that would some day grow up to raise their voices in a song of hope. No one, surely, can remain long depressed when subjected to such an avalanche of joy. The depression slipped away as you marvelled that such a tiny bundle of feathers could contain so great a symphony. Surely the message of this little bird must come from God himself. You rose and hurried to the shed to remove the shear from the plow and sharpen it, ready for the spring planting. For you had gotten the message of the little bird. While there is life there is hope, and while there is hope, then life will go on. ◆

THE BEAUTY OF CANADA

By Lorne Edmond Green. Foreword by Barry Broadfoot. Doubleday Canada Ltd., Toronto, 1978. 95 pp., illus. $9.95.

THE MOUNTAINS OF CANADA

By Randy Morse. Introduction by Andy Russell. Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, 1978. 144 pp., illus. $29.95.

Reviewed by Lillian Allen

When a book lover sets out to buy a book with photography as its main content, he or she would expect to enjoy this treasure over a considerable period of time. These books are usually quite large, coffee-table items, and costly. The owner would wish to mull over them time after time. Of the two books mentioned, I can recommend only one of them for this purpose: *The Mountains of Canada.*

The Beauty of Canada, after the frontispiece and a flip foreword by Barry Broadfoot, shows an atlas-type map of Canada with an inset of Alaska, and seems to indicate the purpose of the book to be really didactic, a lesson in geography. I prefer my coffee-table books to be a little more subtle and less purposeful.

I feel the title of the book to be a misnomer since any beauty is incidental. It really deals with some quick glimpses of the country and its people. I cannot class as being beautiful a picture of a Manitoba Ukrainian domed church completely encased in scaffolding, or from Prince Edward Island, a closely cropped picture showing a helmet-covered head of a football player. Other illustrations point up industry and agriculture with emphasis on people and machines rather than on any beauty of the machine itself, the people or a setting. From this type of photography, there is a leap to silhouettes against the sunset. I am reminded of those old FitzGerald travel shorts '. . . and now, regretfully, we leave beautiful . . .' To me there seems to be a similarity in sunset afterglow, be it along a river in Nova Scotia, at Churchill, Manitoba, or on the St Lawrence at Quebec City. The silhouettes here are dark, devoid of detail, and tell little about the subject.

As to quality of photography printing, a lot of the work is reminiscent of touristy postcards, the colours being harsh and blatant. There is a prevalence of green in pictures of fogs and mists. This is doubtless due to the type of reproduction.

The title pages are most disturbing. Here are the two-page spreads of perhaps the best picture of the area. Across the upper right page is a large yellow strip containing the name of the area or province in heavy black type, so prominent that the picture itself is killed.

The photographs come from many individual sources and agencies, so many photographers are represented. The faults must lie in the choice of their work.

This book, I feel, would seem to find its place in a tourist office or in a grade-school library where geography and social studies are on the curriculum.

Randy Morse, whose background includes winning awards and having fellowships in fine arts and social studies, has chosen the theme of Canadian mountains. Morse is a mountain climber and sees mountains in terms of their relationship to man. Here is wonder and awe, and by including stories told by climbers, the author tells us of the struggles of men and women who have won their battles to climb these often forbidding and dangerous peaks. This gives the climber the feeling of victory and accomplishment. Danger and struggle, grandeur and beauty are all combined in these illustrations.

In his preface, the author tells us the world is running out of cosmic splendour. Mountains occupy a very special place on this planet. They are a natural heritage and we should all feel the responsibility for them. Being close to them by walking or climbing is therefore a privilege. This book does not purport to be a travel guide or a geological treatise. Nor is it intended as a comprehensive collection of mountains since few could be selected. But these few speak for all mountains.

This book has been well compiled and includes a fine bibliography of books by mountain climbers, books with accounts of ascents to Everest and other great peaks, as well as references to climbers' guides. The work of twenty-four photographers has been most carefully selected. We feel no duplications of shapes or moods. Photographers' names are listed and the work of Rob Ashburner, Don Beers, Glen Boles and Hans Fuhrer account for over half of this fine collection. The brilliant colours as well as the subtle tones are those we ourselves have seen when we have travelled into mountain domains, and been moved by their majesty. Wisely, the author has included close-ups of animal and floral life to add to human scale.

Along with most large illustrations, Morse has included quotations from both poetry and prose by writers from present-day and from the past: Shakespeare, Dr Samuel Johnson and Lord Byron.

Here is a book full of nostalgia for those who know the peaks, suggestions for those vigorous enough to plan for new challenge and adventure, and an intimate view of a completely different world for the armchair traveller. This is a book which can be picked up time and again. Do enjoy it for both its words and its exciting and beautiful photography.

Photographer Lillian Allen is retired associate professor of housing

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NORTHERN VAGABOND
A Biography of J. B. Tyrrell

By Alex I. Inglis. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1978. 256 pp., illus. $14.95.

Reviewed by George J. Luste

The thoughtful opinion of Hugh MacLennan is worth quoting prior to the discussion of this new biography of J. B. Tyrrell, a dominant figure in the unfolding of Canada's north.

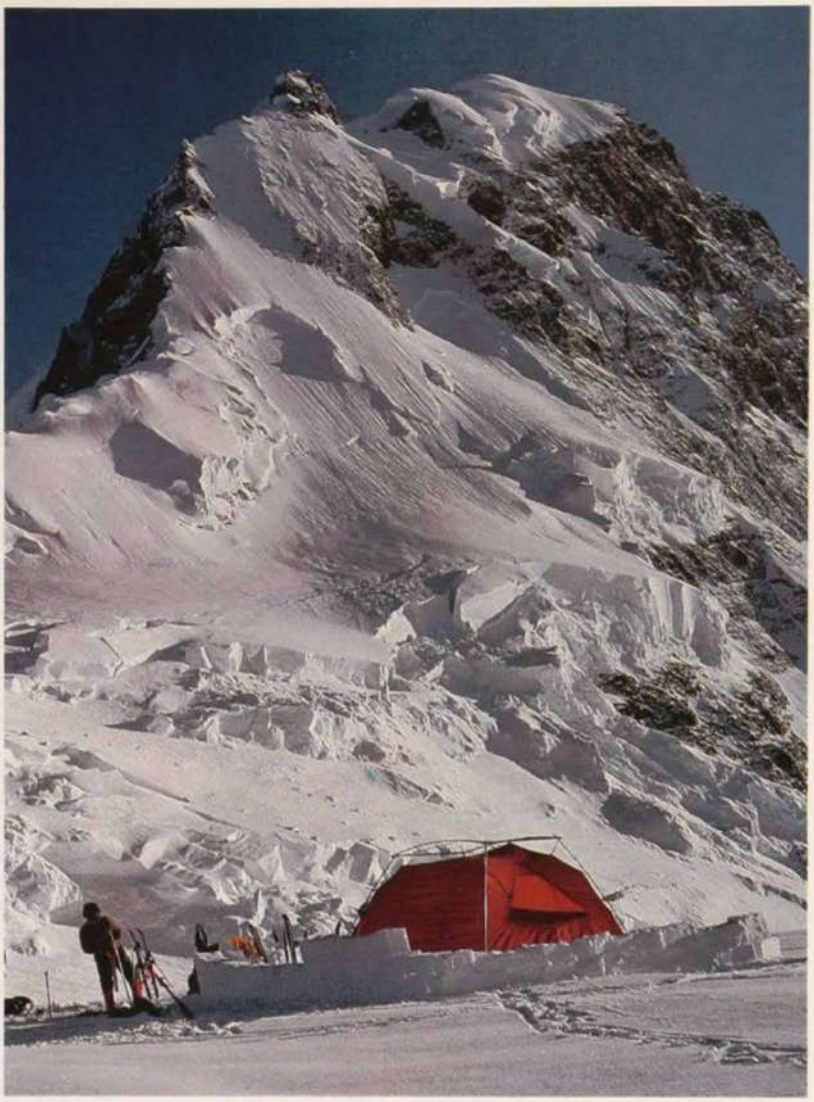
'By a process of literary osmosis we Canadians have absorbed the great ones of other lands and have allowed the best of our own to become mere names, because the best of our own have lacked biographers with the art to bring them alive.'

It does appear true that the average Canadian today is more familiar with the names and accomplishments of Davy Crockett, Lewis and Clark, and Major Powell than with their Canadian counterparts: David Thompson, or men of the Geological Survey as personified by George Dawson, A. P. Low, or J. B. Tyrrell. If, like MacLennan, we demand that a great biography combine the scholarly traits of historic fact with the talent to make that fact real and fascinating, then *Northern Vagabond* falls somewhat short. But few Canadian biographers have achieved the greatness in creative writing that their subject achieved in living. This may be all the more reason why we need to encourage and read more Canadian biographies.

Joseph Burr Tyrrell's life from 1858 to 1957 spans almost the whole of the history of Canada as a Dominion. A country was born and grew to nationhood in his lifetime. It began with John A. Macdonald and ended with John Diefenbaker. When he was twelve, the Hudson's Bay Company surrendered its charter to Canada. Sixteen years later, in 1886, the first Canadian train reached the Pacific Ocean and bound the country together with steel ties. To cover the complete 99 year period of Tyrrell's life is to write an epic narrative about Canada. Clearly it is a difficult task.

Alex Inglis begins the biography with J. B.'s spectacular exploratory canoe traverse of the Barren Lands in 1893 and again in 1894. These exploits are synonymous with the Tyrrell name. They are documented by J. B. himself in the government publication *Report of the Doobaunt, Kazan and Ferguson Rivers and the North-West Coast of Hudson Bay*, part of the 1896 Annual Report of the Geological Survey. A year later his brother James, who had accompanied him in the 1893 venture, published the more familiar *Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada*. A few years ago the same story was retold in shortened narrative form by Farley Mowat in *Tundra*. Thus it is perhaps natural that Inglis would select this well-known and gripping adventure for his introductory chapter. The lack of clear maps to help illustrate the travel routes is a minor technical shortcoming. About twenty old photographs, most taken by J. B. himself, are reproduced in the book. Inglis tells a simple, clear and factual story. While this may be the safest or most objective style for a biographer, it adds little in terms of interpretative intimacy to the story of its subject as a human personality.

Tyrrell was born and raised in rural Weston, now part of Metropolitan Toronto. After graduating from the University of Toronto, he spent eighteen years with the Geological Survey systematically un-



King Peak seen from a camp at King Col, the saddle between Mount Logan and King Peak in the Yukon's St Elias Range. From 'The Mountains of Canada'.

folding the unknown regions of northern Canada. The Barren Lands expeditions represent only two of those very productive 18 years.

At age 40, harassed by near financial poverty and personal jealousies, Tyrrell left the civil service for an independent career. He returned to the Klondike in 1899 and stayed for six years. By then it was clear that the gold rush days and easy fortunes were in the past. In his sixties Tyrrell staked his future in a Kirkland Lake mining venture. When this enterprise succeeded, it elevated him to the position of a wealthy mining magnate and he was active in this company until the last years of his life.

His many talents and interests covered a wide spectrum. He possessed the keen sense of observation and perception for detail that is the trademark of a true scientist. While exploring northern Alberta he discovered the extensive fossilized remains of prehistoric dinosaurs and the vast coal fields of the Red Deer Valley. As a result of his systematic observation of stria marks on granite outcrops, he proposed a new and correct theory of glaciation. It was a controversial suggestion, for it rejected the view that there had been one single massive ice field which advanced and retreated uniformly on one front. This characteristic, an unwavering self-confidence in his own views and worth, marks Tyrrell's whole life. With the perspective of time the man's accomplishments appear remarkable for their diversity and quality.

An explorer himself, Tyrrell was fascinated with the travels of the earlier discoverers of Canada. In 1888 he came across David Thompson's hand-written narrative. A few years later he purchased it, and carefully edited it. In 1916 it was published by the Champlain Society, and today this volume is an expensive collector's item. In a sense Tyrrell's name today, like Thompson's in the past, needs resuscitating. But in *Northern Vagabond* the man's pulse is rather weak. Still, for those who are unfamiliar with his life, it is well worth reading.

George J. Luste, associate professor, physics department, University of Toronto, has studied the life of J. B. Tyrrell and retraced his journey of 1894 by canoe across the Barrens.

PINE FORT: POSTSCRIPT

IN THE AUTUMN 1974 issue of *The Beaver* an edited translation of Joseph Dufaut's 1803-1804 journal appeared. The preface to the translation states that Dufaut's wintering post, which is referred to as 'Fort des Epinettes' was located on the Assiniboine River on the site of the North West Company's Pine Fort, abandoned in 1794. The location is in error.

In 1803, as an employee of the Montreal-based XY Company, Joseph Dufaut was stationed at Fort Dauphin. The key in determining his itinerary as outlined in the journal lies in establishing the location of this post. The problem with Fort Dauphin is that there were many fur trade posts of that name at different periods of the fur trade. In 1800 the North West Company's post called Fort Dauphin was located at the mouth of the Mossy River where it empties into Lake Winnipegosis. A. S. Morton writes that the XY fort of the same name was built 'beside or over against' this post, but offers no documentary evidence.

However, Dauphin Lake House, sometimes called Fort Dauphin, was built by the North West Company in 1775 on the north shore of Lake Dauphin. Ernest Voorhis in *Historic Forts and Trading Posts* (1930) says that this post was later moved to a site on the Ochre River, which empties into the southern part of the lake. This is the post indicated 'N.W.Co.' on David Thompson's map of 1812. It could easily have been occupied by the XY Company in the interim period, because after the merger of 1804, ownership of the XY posts automatically was assumed by the North West Company. If we presume that Dauphin Lake House was Dufaut's starting point, then the pieces of the puzzle fit together perfectly.

Dufaut's journal begins with his wintering crew's departure from Fort Dauphin on 7 October 1803. Later that day they reached the foot of the river ('au bas de La rivierre') where they were weather-bound by the wind. Apparently they were at the Ochre mouth on Lake Dauphin, because the wind probably would not have hindered travel on a river. The next day, he writes that his party set off and arrived at the foot of the Middle River ('au bas de la rivierre Milieu'). This was almost certainly the Mossy River, referred to by Archibald McLeod in 1801 as 'the Middle River of Fort Dauphin'. Hence, in that day, Dufaut's crew would have travelled across Lake Dauphin and down the entire length of the Mossy River, a distance of about forty miles in all.

On 9 October the journal states that it was very windy, and that the weather-bound travellers had to set up camp at a salt marsh about half a league from the river. Tyrrell's 1891 map of western Manitoba indicates two salt marshes on the western shore of Lake Winnipegosis a few miles from the Mossy mouth.

On the tenth, Dufaut notes that they enjoyed good sailing because of a tail wind and reached Red Deer Point ('Pointe à la Biche') in due course. Red Deer Point is just north of the fifty-second parallel at the tip of the long peninsula separating Sagemace Bay from the main body of Lake Winnipegosis. It is approximately thirty miles north of the Mossy mouth. The following day it was very windy and they stayed at the point.

On 12 October the weather became calm, and Dufaut's canoes reached 'Fort des Epinettes', where they set up their wintering quarters. The exact location of the fort is unknown, but it is probable that it was at or near the mouth of the Pine River, which is the river closest to Red Deer Point, about nine miles to the southwest. The Pine River mouth was the site of several minor Hudson's Bay Company posts and certainly its name would support the supposition that this was the correct site.

Lyle Dick, research historian, Prairie Region, Parks Canada.

ERRATUM: *In the Autumn 1978 issue of 'The Beaver' captions and photo credits for illustrations on pages 6 and 7 are reversed.*

SENATOR HARDISTY'S PRAIRIES 1849-1889

By James G. MacGregor. Western Producer Prairie Books, Saskatoon, 1978. 263 pp., illus. $11.25.

Reviewed by Robert V. Oleson

James G. MacGregor likens Richard Hardisty to a sponge soaking up the 'lore of the fascinating prairies'. Hardisty's career with the Hudson's Bay Company is employed as a 'convenient background against which to view developments along the North Saskatchewan River' from 1855 to 1889.

From the time he was born in 1831 on James Bay, 'Dick' Hardisty's life was tied to and influenced by the Hudson's Bay Company. His father, Richard Sr, became a Chief Factor and his mother, Marguerite Sutherland, came from a Company family. Richard Jr, after receiving his formal education at St John's College in the Red River Settlement, joined the Company as an apprentice in 1849. He was posted to Manitobah House where he remained for five years. After serving for one year at Cumberland House he was transferred to Carlton House, a provisioning post on the Saskatchewan River. When he was appointed as Chief Trader in 1862, he was placed in charge of Edmonton House remaining there almost without interruption until his death in 1889. He was promoted to Chief Factor in 1872 and to Inspecting Chief Factor, the highest commissioned officer rank, in 1887. The following year he was appointed to the Canadian Senate.

With Hardisty as an active participant, influential adviser, and passive witness, MacGregor weaves a mosaic of the development of the North Saskatchewan region. Hardisty, as dictated by his position, was instrumental in shaping freight and transport systems on the prairies. During his career York boats gave way to steamboats, Red River carts to the railroad. The importance of the Hudson's Bay Company diminished as settlers arrived; independent traders flourished, and civil and judicial control of Rupert's Land passed to Canada resulting in the arrival of the North West Mounted Police and the formation of territorial governing bodies. Unrest among the traditional inhabitants of the prairies culminated in the Northwest Rebellion of 1885.

Religion also came to Hardisty's prairies, bringing 'missionaries with no other capital than courage . . . beating the bushes for souls'. The efforts of Father Lacombe, George McDougall, and James Nisbet, each aided by Hardisty, are described.

MacGregor provides a sympathetic account of the deteriorating position of the Plains Indians, portraying Hardisty as a helpless witness. Smallpox, whisky, and the disappearance of the buffalo are cited as the villains in the Indians' 'short gallop from being masters of the plains to mendicants'.

On several points Dr MacGregor is in error. The commissioned officers of the Hudson's Bay Company did not receive a 'salary' plus a 'bonus' (pp. 40, 127). The officers were paid, according to their rank, only a share of the net trading profits. If there were no profits, the officers were not entitled to any remuneration; there was no guaranteed salary. This unusual arrangment was modified only after the officers made representations to the Board in 1878 to obtain a guaranteed minimum remuneration (*The Beaver*, Fur Trade Party, Sept. and Dec. 1953). In 1870 when the Company surrendered Rupert's Land to Canada, it was to retain land around each of its posts. The acreage retained varied from 5 to 3,000 acres, not 3,000 acres for each post as stated on page 88. Donald A. Smith was not appointed 'resident Governor [for HBC] in Canada' in 1868 (p. 70) nor did he hold that position in 1870 (p. 75). In 1868 he was Chief Factor in charge of the Montreal District, and in 1870 he presided as President of the Council of the Northern Department. With the institution of the Deed Poll of 1871 the Company's chief representative in Canada was no longer referred to as a 'Governor', but as 'Chief Commissioner' with Smith being the first to hold that position.

Dr MacGregor provides a great deal of information sprinkled with entertaining anecdotes for those interested in the history of the prairies. One must express disappointment, however, in the fact that he does not concentrate more on Hardisty himself. Little of Hardisty's character is revealed, although it is apparent that he had a deep love for his wife, Elizabeth Victoria McDougall. There are only hints of Hardisty's business dealings outside of the Company. His business connections with his brother-in-law Donald A. Smith would have made interesting reading. Hardisty is presented too much as the observer; he would have been more interesting as the one observed.

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